

The Boxing Biographies Newsletter

Volume 10 – No 1 – July 2017



Name: Jess Willard
Career Record: [click](#)
Alias: Pottawatomie Giant
Nationality: US American
Birthplace: St. Clere, KS
Hometown: Pottawatomie, KS
Born: 1881-12-29
Died: 1968-12-15
Age at Death: 86
Stance: Orthodox
Height: 6' 6"
Reach: 83"
Trainer: [Walter Moynahan](#)
Managers: [Tom Jones](#), [Carlo Curtis](#)

Trivia: It was said in a August 5, 1932 "Strange As It Seems" newspaper column by John Hix that Willard's professional debut was in a small church in a boom railroad town near Pocatello, Idaho, USA. Officials there frowned on prize-fighting, so Willard rented a seldom-used church for his training quarters. His opponent was Jack Drumgool of Salt Lake City, Utah, according to Mr. Hix. Willard won by a

TKO in the fifth round when the bout was stopped. This bout has not been put into Willard's Fight Record as it cannot be verified and likely never happened.

This moving tribute to Jess Willard was published on Dec 16, 1968

Former world champion Jess Willard, who won the title from Jack Johnson and lost it to Jack Dempsey in, two of the sport's most controversial fights, died Sunday of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was 86. The end came, at 6:24 a.m. at Pacoima Memorial: Lutheran Hospital. With him was his wife, Hattie. He was admitted to the hospital Saturday after suffering a heart attack. He and his wife had lived quietly for many years in a modest and immaculate little cottage in suburban La Crescenta overlooking the Pasadena-Glendale area.

In April, 1966 a freeway project forced the Willards to sell the home and move to support nearby Sunland. The tragedy of Willard's life and career in the ring was that proof of his true skill as a fighter did not emerge until some 45 years after he won the most wanted title in pugilism.

This came with the discovery of a print of the film of his fight with Johnson, and later the assembly of other old movies of his ring appearances, the fight with Dempsey, with Frank-Moran and others. Viewers of these films, most of them experts on boxing, agreed on two major factors: Willard was quite possibly the most underrated heavyweight champion of all time.

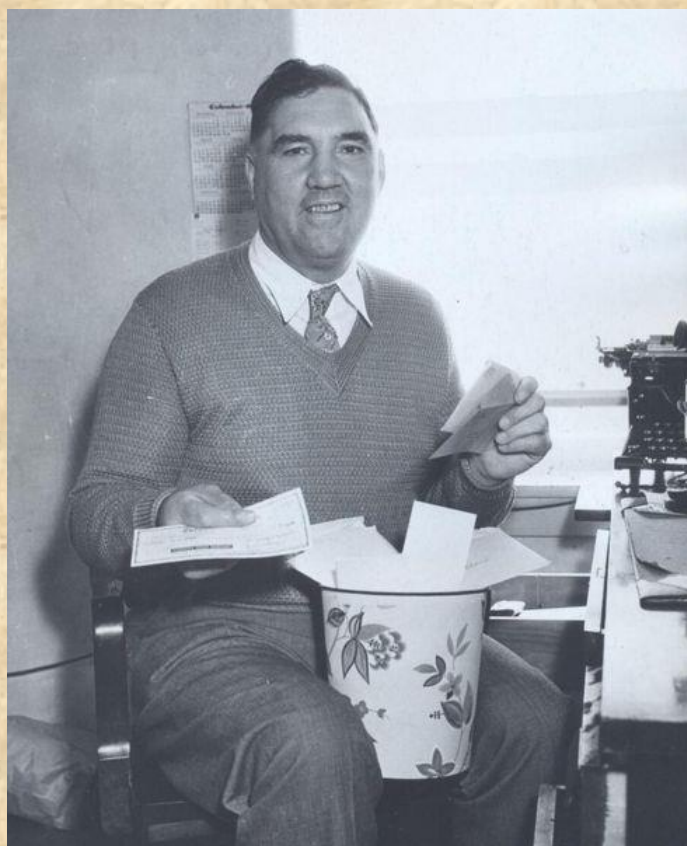
Willard was an excellent boxer who could also punch; he was not the big awkward giant he had for so long been pictured. "I'm glad some of these things finally came out, even if it was 45 years too late," the old fellow recently observed. Jess, born Dec. 29, 1881, on a farm and raised in the Pottawatomie Indian land in Kansas, had 36 fights. But the two that remain indelibly imprinted in the annals of the game are, of course, the championship encounters with Johnson and Dempsey.

The movie of the Johnson fight on a torrid afternoon at the Havana, Cuba, race track—April 5, 1915, showed that it was an even contest for 20 rounds, with Willard amazing his erstwhile critics with his footwork long straight left jab—he had a reach of 84 inches—and ability to take Johnson's best punches. The fight lasted one hour and 44 minutes in weather well over 100 degrees. It was not until five years later—and Willard always stressed this point—that Johnson, broke, and old, and living in Paris, sold a magazine article in which he claimed he took a dive at Havana.

"I always said," Willard remarked, "if he was going to quit, why did he wait 26 rounds, one-hour and, 44 minutes, under a sun that was 115 degrees hot, to quit. Or wait five years to say he took a dive."

Johnson was in trouble with the U.S. Government, forcing him to flee the country, and a law was passed prohibiting interstate shipment of prizefight films. Thus, as the years passed and the movie remained outlawed, the public was unable to see to determine for itself what had happened at Havana.

"What happened was I beat him fair and square and knocked him out with a right hand punch," said Willard. Jess was 33 at the time and weighed 230. Johnson weighed 205.



"I had trained to go 45 rounds and I was ready for him," Jess recalled. "I made him fight my fight, come to me; not like he'd made; the other fellows fight. He was shrewd and cagey but he never once hurt me."

The Dempsey fight?

Again it was a broiling afternoon at Toledo, Ohio, July 4, 1919. Willard came in at 245 and his 6-foot-7 frame towered over the shorter, tigerish, 187-pound Dempsey. Willard stabbed at the weaving Dempsey a few times, and then the carnage began. Jess had never been knocked off his feet. Dempsey floored him seven times in the first round. In moments the right side of Willard's face was battered, bloody swollen. His cheek and jaw bones were fractured. His right eye was banged shut and he floundered around the ring, gamely getting up after

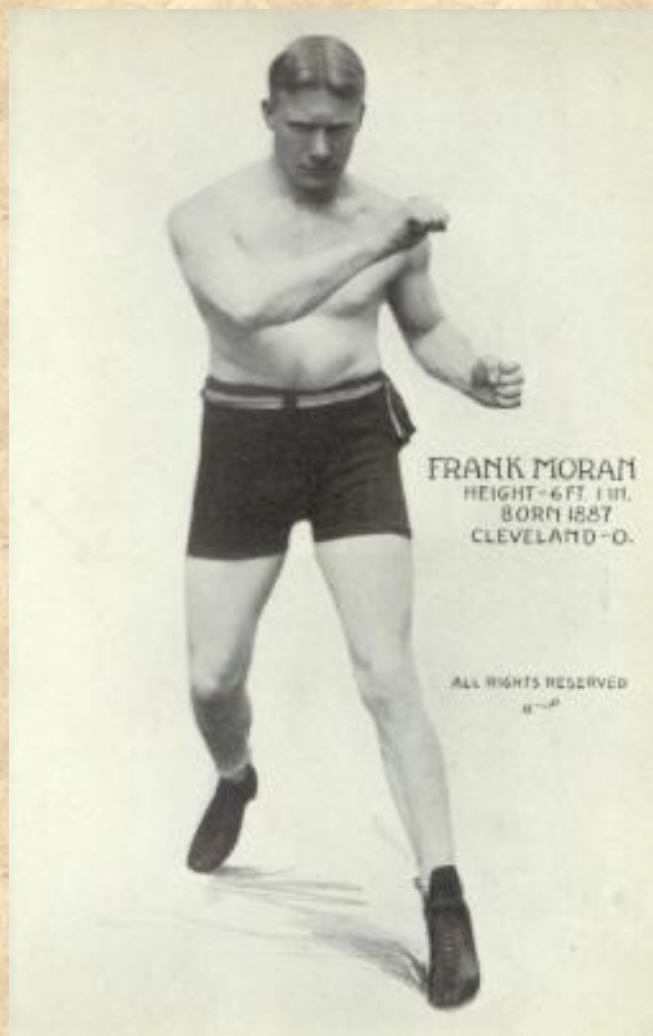
each knockdown.

Films show that Dempsey stood over the fallen Jess and hit him before he could get to his feet. "I'd say," commented Willard in an understatement, "the referee didn't exactly give me the best of it." Curiously, Dempsey was unable to flatten Jess again in either the second or third rounds. Willard was physically unable to get off his stool in the fourth. Boxing men at ringside had nothing but praise for Willard's gameness under this terrible beating.

Mrs. Willard recalled that en route back to their home in California news drifted ahead of their train that Jess was aboard. At each station fans crowded the platform to cheer the old champ. "I never thought people would want to see me again," Jess confided to his wife.

Willard contended all his life that Jack's gloves — or at least the left one which did all the damage — contained something other than the usual padding. He blamed Dempsey's manager, the late Jack Kearns, for any alleged illegality, and Kearns once, in joking off the accusation, told The Associated Press: "Naw, I didn't use plaster of Paris on the bandages. It was cement."

Jess told his story about why he went into boxing. "Johnson was the champion, a Negro, and everyone was looking for what in those days they called a White Hope." Willard had been breaking horses, running a wagon train and farming. "One day I saw some fellows straining to lift a bale of cotton. It must of 'weighted 500 pounds. I lifted it up on the wagon and they said, 'With your size and strength, why don't you take up fight?'"



Willard related that he sold his wagons and went to Oklahoma City to begin training. "I never had a glove on until I was 28," he said. Thus began his colorful career in the ring, which also included a tour with the old Sells Floto Circus, and another circus which he eventually bought, and a brief career in silent movies. He was one cowboy who didn't need a double because he could ride a horse and fight.

Jess used to say he didn't enjoy boxing — "I didn't want to hurt anyone" — but in his 10-round match after the Johnson fight with Frank Moran in New York's old Madison Square Garden, it was obvious that Jess enjoyed the action.

Moran, who had lasted 20 rounds with Johnson previously, was fast "and yet didn't have to scare him out of the bushes," as Jess put it. Willard, again displaying beautiful boxing skill, was credited with outpointing Moran.

En route to his title chance Willard boxed against such leading contenders as Arthur Pelky and Luther McCarthy. In 1913 at Vernon, Calif., Bull Young died of injuries

suffered in an 11th-round knockout by Willard. Jess never cared to discuss this incident.

His last two fights were in New York in 1923 when Jess was 43. He stopped a rising young heavyweight, Floyd Johnson, in 11 rounds, and was knocked out in the eighth round by huge Luis Firpo, Argentina's Bull of the Pampas. Jess had 35 fights, all main events billed for 10 or more rounds. He scored 20 knockouts, won four by decision, lost three by decision, lost one on an unintentional foul, had four no-decision matches, one draw and was stopped twice — by Dempsey and Firpo.

Willard made and lost a lot of money. There were unlucky investments in oil and real estate and a market — said to be the first super market in the nation — in Hollywood. However, Jess and Hattie salvaged their home and some rental property. As he often said: "We live comfortably, not beyond our needs, and our needs are modest.

Jess frequently referred to himself as just a Kansas farm boy. But for an untutored man, he did make money. He received nothing — in fact, it cost him several thousand — for the Johnson

**FAMOUS ARTIST'S SKETCH
OF CHAMPION JESS WILLARD**



match. "That was all right with me, I just wanted a chance to win the title," he recalled. But as the champion and ex champion Jess received the following purses for these fights: Dempsey, \$100,000; Frank Moran, \$47,500; Floyd Johnson \$25,000, and Firpo, \$125,000.

He toured for two seasons at a guarantee of \$1,000 a day with Col. Zack Miller's 101 Ranch circus but misfortune stepped in. World War I came along and the government, in need of his riding stock, bought him out, ending that source of big revenue. Among Jess's treasured souvenirs to the end were the 5-ounce gloves he wore to whip Johnson, and the brown saddle of his circus days. Old timers well recall that the champion Willard was an imposing figure astride a horse as the star of the circus.

Through the years Willard's mental reactions were as sharp as a razor. His memory of the distant past was vivid- But he kept abreast of current events in all fields. In his last years he suffered from chronic heart trouble. He had been hospitalized, and released, earlier in the week. Willard never sought fame and was reluctant in later years to make

public appearances. But he was a proud man and his circle of intimate friends was intensely loyal.

During World War II old Jess emerged from semi seclusion to join groups of boxing people on visits to military camps. These were the last of the old champ's bows to the public. The Willards had two sons, Jess Jr. and Alan, who live with their families in the metropolitan Los Angeles area.

Jess Willard v Frank Moran

Dated 25 March 1916



With the wagering close to three to one in his favor, Jess Willard, heavyweight Champion of the world, will meet Frank Moran in a ten round no-decision Bout here tonight for the largest purse ever, offered for a contest of this scheduled duration. the two pugilists will receive \$71,250, posted by Tex Rickard the promoter of the match. Of this sum the title holder will draw down \$47,500 and his opponent \$23,750. Notwithstanding the size of the purse, Rickard will clear a handsome profit on the venture since every seat in Madison Square Garden has been sold and the receipts are estimated at more than \$140,000.

Although Willard is a top heavy favorite, interest in the outcome of the bout is intense, and the greatest gathering of fight fans that ever thronged into and about the Garden is expected at that historic show hall this evening when the principals enter the ring. Few large bets have been placed on the contest owing to the difference in the odds and acknowledged physical advantages possessed by Willard over Moran. Hundreds of small wagers on the result and on various angles of the fight have been made between friends –both in this city and among the large delegations of spectators from other cities of the East, South and Middlewest.

Moran and his camp followers assert that the Pittsburgh heavyweight will win from Willard in decisive fashion on points if not by a knockout but the great majority of the boxing enthusiasts cannot be convinced that the Kansas cowboy will fall a victim to Moran's rushes and blows. It is pointed out that the conqueror of Jack Johnson, is physically superior in every respect to his opponent and that in a bout of but ten rounds it would be little short of a ring miracle for Moran to stretch the champion on the floor for the count.

In boxing ability the two pugilists are conceded to be about equal but beyond that point Willard has a marked advantage over Moran in almost every department of glove fighting as well as in physical make-up. He will outweigh Moran by close to fifty pounds, stand between five and six inches above the Pittsburgh slugger and have a longer reach, of more than six inches, than Moran. Both are extremely powerful hitters in proportion to their size but here again Willard's greater physique and strength give him a wide margin over Moran. The latter is the more aggressive boxer of the two but the champion's Towering height and ability to block with his long arms militate against the chances of the smaller pugilist landing a knockout blow to His head. The task of reaching Willard's body is not so difficult but in all his bouts to date the Kansas has shown ability to take very hard blows in his midsection without slowing up.

From a defensive standpoint Willard is considered to be one of the best equipped boxer of his division in many years He is equally formidable offensively when aroused, but, as a rule, lacks the aggressiveness necessary to win from an opponent of Moran's caliber in ten rounds or less. His best blows are a short left jab and a right hand uppercut. These blows he uses almost continually and owing to his long reach and great strength the punches carry terrific power when Willard puts full force into them. Under pressure he can and does fight With other blows and carries a knockout in either hand when mixing savagely. In his awkward and ponderous style Willard is almost as fast on his feet as Moran although he seldom uses footwork to avoid an opponent. At close quarters he should be able to hold Moran safely, although the latter will be dangerous if he can tear loose long enough to uncover his ability and power as an in fighter.

Both pugilists virtually completed their training on Thursday and each claims to be in perfect condition for the battle. Moran has been on edge for the bout for close to two weeks and his trainers have had more difficulty in holding him to physical form than Willard's handlers. The champion was slow to round into condition since he has been out Of the ring for almost a year while Moran, because of his recent bouts, responded quickly to the conditioning routine. Willard however, once he settled down to hard work dropped the weight and increased his speed rapidly. While it is doubtful if he is in the same magnificent shapet he was when he met Johnson at Havana, he should be able to box the full ten rounds at top speed if necessary.

Whatever the outcome of the battle the two heavyweights will be well repaid for their training and struggle in the ring. If the contest goes the full distance the principals will receive \$7,125 per round or at the rate of \$2,375 per minute. Of this sum Willard's share will be \$1,583.33 and Moran's \$791.66 per minute. The purse of \$71,250 is the largest ever offered for a ring battle of any distance with the exception of the \$121,000 given to Johnson and Jeffries by Rickard in their fight at Reno, Nev. in 1910. The purse is larger than the gate receipts taken in at any fight ever held in New York State under the Horton Law or the present Frawley Regulations. But two fights, the Johnson-Jeffries and Johnson-Burns battle in Australia brought receipts in excess of \$71,250.

The difficult task of refereeing the bout has been placed in the hands of the veteran, Charley White, an experienced boxing arbiter, and he has stated that he will insist upon the principals boxing in strict accordance with the rules. Because of his past experience as third man in the ring at a number of Championship battles, White should be able to decide upon all the technical points which may arise. Considerable responsibility will rest upon his shoulders as Willard might lose his title in several ways, notwithstanding that the contest is billed as ten-round no-decision bout. Moran would become the heavyweight title holder should he knockout Willard or in case the latter was to foul Moran during the struggle. White is also empowered to stop the fight in case either one of the men is incapacitated for any reason and unable to continue. Such a decision would automatically make the other principal a winner and technically the holder of the title.

John L. Sullivan says Moran By K.O

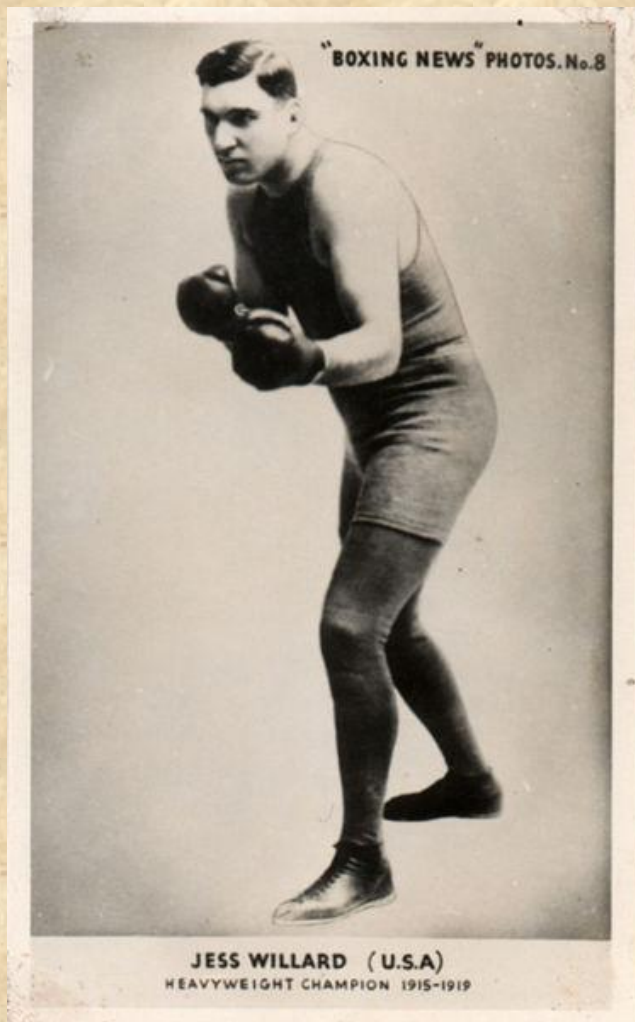
“If Moran Wins He Will Do It With One or Two Punches”

yesterday I said I wouldn't pick a winner, but so many men have said that I was dodging a real issue that I am going to change my mind. I like Moran, I think he will win and look to see him cop the heavyweight crown with a knockout punch. Moran is a fighter at heart, he is cool and clever, and if he gets his right over he is as deadly As one of those big German guns.

Willard, as I see him, is more of a merchant. he has something to sell. That something is his fighting ability, and I will admit up to the present he has made some good bargains. But a hired soldier has Never been as good a fighter as a volunteer, and Willard, by his own confession, something of a mercenary in the ranks of pugilism, is facing tonight a man who enlisted in the fight game for the sheer love of battle itself, with gain of secondary condition.

Moran Always Fights

An examination of Moran's ring record will prove absolutely that most of his fights during his years in the game gave him no cause to hope for great riches. He fought just as hard for a lot of the measly little purses as he will fight tonight for a small fortune. Willard too fought for some mighty small money, but he never put the pep into the work that would have been involuntary if he had a fighting heart. It wasn't until they pointed him at Johnson, and promised him a million if



he won, that he ever did a stint of training. And even when he got in the ring with Jack in Havana he breezed along in a good natured Easy going way until the weakened stamina of the black man really decided the result.

When you think of a champion you involuntarily picture a man who tears like fury as soon as the first gong rings, and fights like a fury right up to the end. Willard never has been that kind of a fighter. Moran always has been. That is why I like Moran. When I was champion that was the way I fought. When paddy Ryan was champion he fought that way. So did Corbett and Fitzsimmons and big Jeff. Johnson fought that way too but he was such a smooth worker that he never looked to be trying as hard as he really was.

A man can't force himself to battle like a tiger, he has to want to do it, and if he doesn't come natural right from the start he never will acquire genuine lust for battle that brings the crowd to its feet and makes everybody hail him as a real champion.

Of course every man has the capacity for anger and ferocity and in some natures it is

buried deeper than in others. It may be, as some good critics have said in the last few days, that if Moran stings Willard pretty hard early in the fight the big fellow will wake up and fight like a wild man. Then we will see a fight worth talking about, and I believe that if Willard gets angry Moran will keep his cool head and be more certain of winning than he will be if Jess lays back and makes a waiting fight of it.

If Moran wins he will win with one or two punches. He will land on Willard's jaw and it will all be over. Willard may of course win in that way but if Moran is going to lose it I think it will be on points. because I don't think Jess will knock him out unless he does it with a lucky punch, and I think Frank is too foxy to get careless. I hope to see a slashing, rushing fight. I hope the boxing commission will rule that the men may box under straight Marquis of Queensbury rules which compel a man to protect himself at all times. Clean breaks may be all right, but this is one fight where no harm can be done either man by a stretching of the rules so that men can hit in the breakaway.

Jess Must win on Skill

I do not agree with those who say that Willard's best chance to win is in his great height and strength. If Jess wins he must do it on boxing skill, courage and punching ability. When he gets in there with Moran he is going to find that the difference in size has been minimized considerably. His size will not determine the fight.

I believe Willard is going to face a man who is clever and experienced .Moran will take advantage of everything that tends to offset a disadvantage in size. There are two or three ways to step aside a punch and once you have stepped inside a punch, and once you have stepped inside it does not make any difference whether the fellows arms are three feet long or thirty. You are in there, and if your eyes are open you will find sooner or later a vulnerable spot left open.

There isn't a side step or a duck or a shift that won't be just as easy for Moran as for Willard and if the smaller man can make the big man mix a few times he will surely find the right spot, sooner or later, to land a deciding blow. Willard will have to match trick with trick, blow with blow, if he is going to win. I wonder if he can do it?. I don't think he can win by sheer weight and strength. He couldn't beat Gunboat Smith, and he was as big then as he is now .He hadn't had as much experience it is true but he had been boxing long enough to have realized the advantage of his super size, if such a realization ever was due to come to him.

Moran's chance at Hand

In those days to Willard was an eager aspirant for the championship and if he couldn't let the thought of that goal stir him up to a point where he could stir himself up he can't do it any better now. A champion has a queer position to fill. Up to the time he has won the championship he is coming. there is something ahead of him bigger than anything he has ever had. And after he has won the crown he is going. The only thing ahead of him is an inevitable defeat sooner or later. Every time he fights he must ask himself

"This is my chance, and this is where I win"

Here is Willard, on top of the heap, he never did real hard to get there. and here is Moran, nearer to the top than any other man. He has fought harder than Willard. Tonight he figures he will be coming and Willard will be going. **And that is the way I figure too.**

March 25.— Jess Willard successfully defended his title as heavyweight champion of the world here tonight and but for the fact that he broke open a knuckle of his right hand, probably would have knocked out Frank Moran. It is as clean-cut victory for the champion. The blonde challenger, though game arid willing, could not reach the giant Willard with blows that bothered him in the least. The bout, which was the richest in the history of limited round contests, went the full ten rounds, but only Willard's injured hand saved Moran from a knockout at several stages of the fight Willard broke the Knuckle of his right hand in the second round. From then on he did not follow up leads that he opened several times and Moran weathered the storms,.

The fight was a record breaker in half a dozen ways. Probably the most dressed up crowd saw Willard and Moran, work thirty minutes for the biggest purse offered for a similar mill.

Huge Sum For Boxers.

Willard drew down \$55,100 for his efforts. Moran is richer by \$26,750 and though beaten will probably be more popular than before The Pittsburgher was outweighed fifty-eight pounds. Willard towered above him and his enormous reach held Moran off until Frank, in apparent desperation, would lower his head and come in swinging wildly.

From the boxes and other high price seats came the hand clapping of fashionably gowned women and men, famous in every walk of life, as the two battlers struggled for supremacy. The elite of the city—almost of the country—rubbed shoulders with some who probably sacrificed the price of a much needed suit of clothes to see the fight. They pushed and fought their way through the doors until the expected attendance mark was fractured and when the final figures were announced, the result was: Attendance. 13.000.

It was a mixed crowd. pugilists, society, stage folk, business men and politicians and just plain Americans Bare shouldered women in boxes on the first floor reflected the dazzling brilliance of the masked cluster of lights over the fighters. Moran seemed to be the pet of the crowd, judging from the yells that greeted his blows In the early stages of the mix-up.

Willard A Surprise.

Willard at least twenty-five pounds overweight, surprised an audience that had made up its mind in advance that the champion was a boob boxer. "While the big fellow's punching was a disappointment — due no doubt to his injured right — he showed an ability to land almost at will, an ability to utilize his enormous height and reach a cleverness in defense that promises to keep him in possession of his title for many a day.

Moran lived up to every point of his reputation. He carried the fight to the champion at times with bursts of speed that brought the crowd to its feet, but the rallies were always short lived. At 9:30 despite solemn promises Official announcer Joe Humphries was the only occupant of the ring and he had not begun the usual round of introductions of celebrities. There was no sight of the main figures as yet. It was said that Willard had insisted that the ropes be very tight. Several workmen went to the corners and tightened up the three ropes, reinforcing them. The floor of the ring seemed none too steady during the preliminaries, but the management asserted that it was absolutely danger proof.

Willard entered the hall at. 9:40. He sprang upon the side of the ring, placed his hands on the ropes and vaulted in. He wore a long green dressing gown and towered over the photographers who flocked into the ring. They posed the champion alongside his manager, Tom Jones, who was dressed in a Norfolk suit

Fighters Shake Hands.

Moran entered the ring at 9:41 and received a much louder line of cheer than Willard. He climbed through the ropes with a smile and walked across to Willard to shake hands with him. The two fighters took off their dressing gowns and posed together. Willard's seconds were announced as Tom Jones, Walter Monahan and Jack Hemple. Moran was seconded Willie Lewis, Frank Kendall, Battler Madded and Bill McKinney.

Moran seemed to be perfectly at ease and smiled as he talked to the crowd at the ringside. Willard also was smiling, apparently at ease. Both men appeared to be in fine condition. Harry Weiss was announced as official timekeeper. Charley White as referee. Jim Corbett was introduced to the crowd and was given a big reception. Next announcer Humphries introduced Bob Fitzsimmons, who clambered into the ring in full evening dress and stood alongside Corbett, who wore a soft collar and a business suit. The two former champions joshed each other and Fitz made a pass at Jim to the delight of the crowd. Kid McCoy was next introduced. Sullivan is cheered. The crowd held its real demonstration, for Old John L. Sullivan, gray haired and gunning. As he climbed into the ring and doffed a soft grey hat, he walked rather heavily across from one fighter to the other. The ring then held one champion, and three former world's heavyweight champion, not to mention the most prominent challenger.

The men, after inspecting their gloves, tilted them on. Moran sat still as he was introduced, but Willard rose and bowed "gracefully." The principals were called to the center of the ring and given final instructions by Referee White. Willard seemed a full head taller than Moran, who looked like a boy beside him. Willard appeared fat about the waist line. Time was called at 9-57.

Round One.

They came in slowly sizing each other up. Moran landed a light left to the ear. Jess came back with two stiff rights to the body. Moran bored in but his blows were mostly blocked. Jess put a straight left to Frank's cheek. They sparred and Willard landed a left to the face. Moran swung a right and left to the head but Willard merely smiled and stood him off. Moran came in, head down, swinging overhand right and left but without damage. They scuffled in the center of the ring. Willard landed a stiff left to the jaw which Moran failed to return. Moran swung a right and left to the head.

Even round.

Round Two.

Jess put a left to the head and they clinched. On the break Moran swung a left and right to the head. Willard came back with a hard right to the jaw. After another clinch they sparred and Willard put a light left to the jaw, Moran backing away, evidently waiting for the champion to lead. Willard put a stiff right to the jaw and followed it up with a left to the same place without return. They mixed it furiously in the center, Willard getting in a good right to the head. Willard jabbed a left to the face and Moran missed a counter. Head down, Moran swung a right and left

to the head. Willard backed into a corner and led a left and right, landing both. Moran swung wildly, Willard taking the blows on his giant arms and smiling broadly. Willard had a shade the best of it. It was a tame round. Not a solid heavy blow had been struck up to this time. Willard's great reach bothered Moran.

Willard's round.

Round Three.

Moran put a straight left to the stomach and then covered up but Willard failed to land. Willard landed a stiff right to the stomach. They came to a harmless clinch. Willard put a light left to the jaw and Moran more than evened it up with three hard lefts to the jaw. They sparred in the center of the ring. Moran led with a hard left to the jaw, but Willard beat him to the punch with a right to the head. After a clinch Moran put a stiff right to the ear. Moran put a hard left to the stomach and a right to the head. Moran landed a hard right to the jaw. They clinched and the referee pulled them apart.

Round even.

Round Four.

Willard put right to the head, then swung a right and a left to the same place. Willard landed a right to the head without a return. Moran swung a left to the jaw and Willard countered with a right to the head. They were sparring at the bell. It was Willard's round by a shade.

Round Five.

Willard jabbed left to jaw. After a clinch Moran put a left and right to the jaw. They clinched again and on the break Moran swung a left to the ear three times. The blows were heavy. Willard smiled but he was hurt. Moran seemed to be making the pace which was not fast. Willard's round.

Round Six.

They exchanged a series of body punches. Willard jabbed a left to Moran's injured eye which bled profusely. Willard put three light lefts to Moran's injured eye. Willard landed two stiff lefts to the jaw. Willard put a left to the jaw at the bell. Willard's round.

Round Seven.

Willard rained lefts to Moran's head and body without return. Moran covered up and tried to block. Moran leaned his head against Willard's breast and swung wildly over head. Willard uppercut a left to the jaw Fiercely three times. They battled head to head until the referee broke them. Moran seemed groggy. Willard put a stiff left to the jaw. Moran bored in but Willard

pounded Moran's head and body. Moran took a terrific beating. Suddenly coming to life, Moran landed a left and right to head and the crowd cheered wildly. Moran made a terrific finish.

It was Willard's round easily.

Round Eight,

Willard put a left to the head and they clinched, Willard landed a left to head. Willard got his left through twice to the nose and Moran's nose bled. Moran missed two lefts and they clinched.

Willard put a left to the jaw and Moran swung a right and left to the head. Willard jabbed a left to the nose three times and blocked Moran's left. Moran covered and backed away. Willard jabbed a left to head. Moran landed a right to the jaw. Moran swung a left and right to the head, but Willard straightened him up with a left uppercut. Willard bored in close, landing a left on Moran's bleeding face.

Willard's round.

Round Nine.

Moran rushed but Willard blocked his leads and rained left and right jabs to the face. Willard got in two good jabs to Moran's face. Willard landed a left to the jaw and blocked Moran's overhand left swing for the face. Willard backed Moran about the ring without landing. They stood off waiting for the other to lead. Willard put a stiff left to the face and caught Moran coming in with his right. Moran landed an overhand left swing to the ear. Moran's swings were blocked easily. The pace slowed down to a walk. Moran landed a light right and left. It was slow, slightly Willard's round.

Round Ten.

Moran refused to shake hands. Willard jabbed a left to the face three times without a return. Moran put his left to the face but did no damage. Willard put a stiff left to the jaw and Moran bored in head down, but failed to land. Willard put a right to the body, then a left and right to jaw. Willard uppercutted to the face and blocked easily. The pace slowed down They exchanged lefts and Moran swung a right to the ear.

Willard's round.



The Syracuse Herald 5 July 1919

By Robert Edgren

Most One Sided Battle For a Title Ever Seen

In Any Ring

Fighting with the fury of a bulldog tearing down a mastiff Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard here in one round. The second round never should have been fought and never would have been fought but for a series of amazing blunders caused by having amateur officials. Technically the knockout was scored after the end of the third round when Ray Archer threw the towel into the middle of the ring, with Willard terribly beaten and helpless in his corner with one eye completely closed.

It was the most one-sided fight for a title ever seen in any ring. Willard, smiling and apparently confident, landed the first two blows before Dempsey went into him like a thunderbolt. Half a minute later the biggest of all champions was a reeling, battered hulk, dazed, smashed out of all

resemblance to anything human. The effect of Dempsey's blows was startling. They landed so fast the eye could hardly follow the flying gloves. At each crunching, 'crashing clout Willard's face was changed as if Dempsey were a sculptor dissatisfied with a portrait in clay and deliberately obliterating it feature by feature. Cuts and huge bruises showed every time Dempsey's hand 'snapped back to position for another drive.

Carl Morris in Madison Square Garden in the tenth round with Flynn, "Battling"- Nelson in the fortieth with Wolgast at Port Richmond, were no more terribly beaten than Willard in a single round with Dempsey.

Dempsey One of Most Remarkable Fighters of All Time.

Whether it was a one-round fight or three. Dempsey has shown the world that he is one of the most remarkable fighters that ever clouted his way to a championship. He is of "a new type. They were right when they called him a **'bone crusher.'**" He fights like no other champion ever did. Beside his action in a real fight his training work was merely play. Cool when the fight was actually started, terribly grim and determined, he was like a bulldog taking his grip never to be shaken off. His speed was startling and his attack *so* sudden and furious that nothing could stop it. Yet when Willard halted for a moment Dempsey stepped toward him. Panther like he feinted and stepped aside to make Willard follow and leave an opening. He was not simply a plunging, battering fighter. He was cold calculating and sure of the effect his blows would produce.

The great arena began to fill early in the day. Airplanes flew about 'overhead.'" 'Hundreds of flags fluttered in a sharp breeze. A big Blimp hung over the stands at the end of a steel cable. Cars rolled down the single road and masses of spectators walked in straggling columns. The big park around the - arena was covered with refreshment stands. It looked for all the world like the infield at the English Derby.

Inside the arena the great crowd was in its shirt sleeves broiling under a sun that glared down from a sky of polished brass. The heat was terrific hardly a bit of air was stirring in the great bowl. Thousands stayed under the stands until the big event was about to go on. The preliminaries were hardly looked at in the tense excitement of waiting for the main event. At 3-30 o'clock when the fighters were to have been in their corners. Major Biddle appeared with his marines, with guns and bayonets, and gave an exhibition of bayonet and knife fighting that was tolerated by the waiting crowd.

The major took part in various exhibitions himself, explaining hoarsely that he had invented some marvelous fighting stunts and then demonstrating; - He was always last on his feet, while the marines were strewn around the ring; and" the moving picture cameras" clicked merrily. The crowd grew restless while the major posed. At last that was over and just four minutes before -4 o'clock Dempsey stepped into the ring, accompanied by trainer staff, who were to second him. Dempsey was pale under his deep coat of tan. His face looked drawn and he was evidently under

an intense nerve strain. But he took his corner immediately and sat down while Bill Tate raised a big green umbrella over him to protect him from the sun.

Jess Leans Against Ropes After He Enters the Ring-.

Within a few seconds Willard came into the opposite corner and stood there leaning against the ropes. Like Dempsey Willard was pale. Close to him, I saw that the "goose Mesh" showed on his legs and when he stood still there was a slight twitching of the muscles of his thighs. I could see the throb of his heart under the tight drawn skin that covered his ribs. He stood in the corner looking around over the crowd and in a moment the signs of nervousness disappeared. A sun shade was raised over him too. And he stood there at ease, leaning against the ropes and looking around the ringside to nod and smile at his friends.

Willard was a picture of a trained athlete. On the outside at least, he was a perfect specimen of a man. Around the huge arena all was so still that you could have heard a pin drop. There wasn't even the click of a telegraph instrument or a typewriter as all strained to see the two men who were about to meet for the championship of the world.

After a moment Willard walked lightly across the ring and offered his hand to Dempsey who was still sitting in his corner. Willard was smiling. He always smiles. A smile is his natural expression. Dempsey looked up grimly and shook hands without a word. Willard went back. Then they came out again and stood side by side while the camera were snapped and the moving picture machines clicked. Willard towered over Dempsey. But Dempsey didn't even look up at him as they shook hands again.

Facing Willard squarely, he kept his head lowered and his eyes staring Straight at the middle of Willard's body, as if he was concentrating every thought on striking at that spot the moment the fight began.

Damon Runyon wrote

Squatted on his stool in the corner a bleeding trembling helpless hulk Jess Willard, the " Kansas giant", relinquished his title of heavyweight champion the world just as the bell was about to toss him into the fourth round of a mangling at the paws of Jack Dempsey the young .mountain lion in human form, from Colorado.

Willard Sad Sight After third.'

He was a sad sight as he sat there, this ponderous fellow, who four short years ago was acclaimed mightiest of men when he beat down old Black Jack Johnson. The right side of his face was pulp, where the fists of the Indian brown boy from the Centennial State had been landing for nine minutes with fearful force. The right eye of the champion was completely hidden behind that bloody smear. His left eye peered over a lump of flesh in grotesque fashion.

The great dough like body of the giant was splotted with red patches. They were the aftermath of Dempsey's glove thumping there and giving back a hollow sound as they thumped.

At the feet of the gargantuan pugilist was a dark spot, which was slowly widening on the brown canvas as it was replenished by the drip – drip - drip of blood from, the man's wounds. He was flecked with red from head to foot. The flesh on his enormous limbs shook like custard. He was like a man who had just been pulled from under the wreck of an automobile or railroad train or who had met with some, other grave accident. He blinked the one eye, through which he could still see daylight at the glaring sun looking out over the heads of the crowd that had gathered to see something like this.

In the corner opposite him, tugging at the ring ropes like a pet terrier tugging at the leash and scratching his feet on the canvas with sinister impatience was the saddle colored demon who had ripped and pounded and pounded and slashed this tremendous fellow into this distressing state.

Mumbles to Toss Towel.

It seemed incredible and yet it was so. Another round was coming on. Another round of mauling and maltreatment for the giant. The OX cannot beat the tiger. The bruised lips of the champion moved. He was mumbling some words and an instant later and he was no longer champion of the world.

Walter Monahan turned and tossed a towel into the ring. This towel was slightly spotted with blood. The rag rose no higher than the ring ropes and fell limply, but it represented the Formal transfer of the heavyweight championship crown. It was surrender.

It was Willard's order. Another instant passed until the crowd realized What had occurred and the 40,000 persons went raving Crazy for the moment.

Shakes hand with conqueror

The towel had no sooner hit the ring floor than Willard was on his feet walking over to meet the already advancing Dempsey with his gloved hand outstretched. One side of his face – the side of his face which was not swollen – carried a strange smile.

Willard was almost knocked out in the first furious rush of the Colorado boy. In fact everybody thought he was out and that the fight was over. The faulty bell had tinkled but few had heard it. Men rushed into the ring When the Ref, who had kept his head well during the clamour made his handlers understand that only the round was over.

Willard weathers second

The crowd settled back and the bell tapped again. Out came Willard smiling that simple smile, his flabby legs shaking under every step that lifted his bulk forward and now to the astonishment of everyone the giant rallied.

No one believed he could possibly weather that second round. But he pushed on under a veritable barrage of hammering Not only to the end of that round but to the close of the third. It was only a question of time when he must collapse however.

He was almost blind, he was a welter of blood. He was weak and unable to defend himself. He fought through the second and third rounds With courage. And for all this he got \$100,000 besides the thousands he got at the training camp.

After it was all over Willard walked out unsteady to meet his conqueror He congratulated him after the time honoured custom of beaten Ring men. Then Willard lifted his ponderous bulk down from the Ring and went into fistic oblivion.

Once while sitting in his corner beneath a dingy old umbrella Covered with advertising signs before the fight Dempsey smiled. He sighted Tad, the cartoonist, sitting at the ringside and the brows of the challenger softened as he relaxed his features.

That was almost the only time his face was so set that many thought he was nervous. Over in the corner beneath a new brown umbrella Willard fairly beamed on the crowd, nodding pleasantly to familiar faces in the audience and generally conducting himself like a man at a function given in his honour. A few minutes later and he was stumbling about the ring like an ox in a stall, dull eyed and heavy limbed, it was a startling transition.

Dempsey fails to hear bell

The men returned to their corners and Dempsey continued to look everywhere but at Willard. Something went wrong with the bell it was on Willard's side of the ring, and it gave of a feverish light tinkle, when Warren Barbour – former amateur heavy weight champion – who was the timekeeper gave it a tug.

Willard heard it and started to leave his corner but he saw that Dempsey was still leaning against the ropes opposite him His back to the ring. And realized that Jack had not heard. Willard glanced expectantly at the timekeeper, Barbour gave another yank and the bell tinkled softly again.

Willard once more started forward but still Dempsey did not hear he stood pawing his feet on the canvas and gazing out over the crowd. From a seat nearby his camp jester, Max Kaplan a fellow from long Beach where Dempsey used to run was making an unearthly outcry Jess nodded and smiled in a most polite manner and finally Dempsey turned as the bell tinkled and Jack understood that the fight was on.

Willard makes first lead

They advanced toward one another Dempsey crouching slightly And his shoulders moving in that curious “shimmy” style which he has made his own. Willard was fairly upright .Willard making the first lead, it landed lightly. Dempsey paid no attention but kept marching in. Willard jabbed at him slightly several times without much effect.

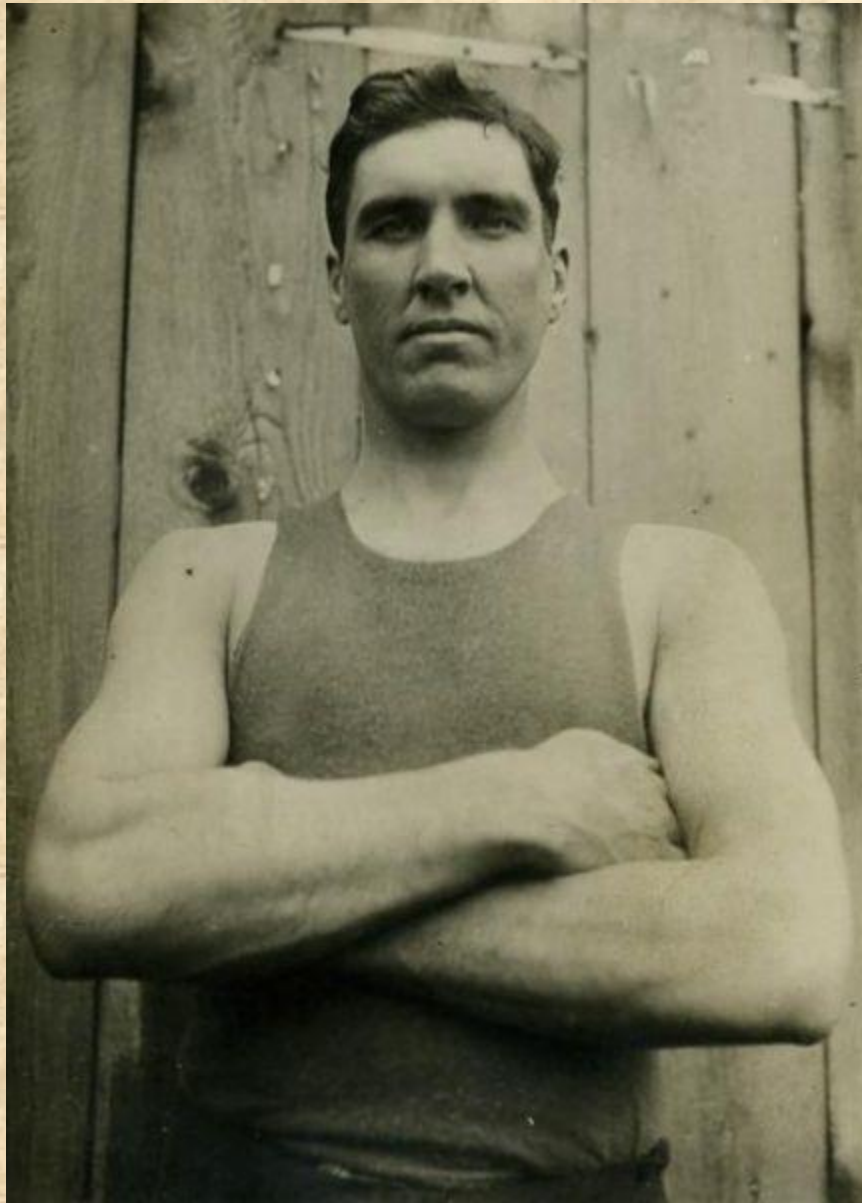
First the left hand then the right went swishing upward, his first lead was for the broad white body spread so invitingly before him and his fists seemed to sink in as they landed. Then the attack shifted to higher ground So to speak. Willard seemed to have no sense of location Whatever as he tried to stave of the first rush of the challenger which He had been told to expect and had come as predicted.

Crowd goes mad

Dempsey’s fists fairly thudded against Jess’s stomach then suddenly a brown sinewy arm with a glove at the end shot upward to Willard’s jaw and the champion seemed to crumple up in the middle. His gigantic body plumped to the floor. The crowd went stark mad. Hats flew into the air and the pine crater on the banks of the bay where the men were fighting erupted with a terrific volume of human voices.

But Willard was not down for good, he was on one knee listening intently to the ref counting. Willard knew what he was doing then all right. He asked the ref what the count was and got on his feet before nine, and know the wildcat was loose. Dempsey swarmed up to the gigantic form of the Kansan . Now Willard was on the ropes his great weight causing them to sag deeply. Now he was half under them, .a haze had settled in his eyes, he had the look of a man gazing through a mist. Now you couldn’t see the right eye at all. Now the blood began welling from cuts on the face and slowly trickling down his cheeks.

Totters out for second



The big man tottered out for the second round, that is the only way which describes his coming. Dempsey began tearing at him again as eagerly as a wolf tearing at a wounded prey. Poor Jess fought back feebly .he could not keep the lighter man from slugging him to the ropes and then slugging him to the ropes again .he was battered all round the ring but even so someone suggested Dempsey might be resting.

Willard seemed stronger after that round .It probably looked that way merely in comparison to the first. However he came out for the third Round apparently desperate as he met Dempsey's attack with both hands flailing wildly. A right upper cut which Jack delivered brought

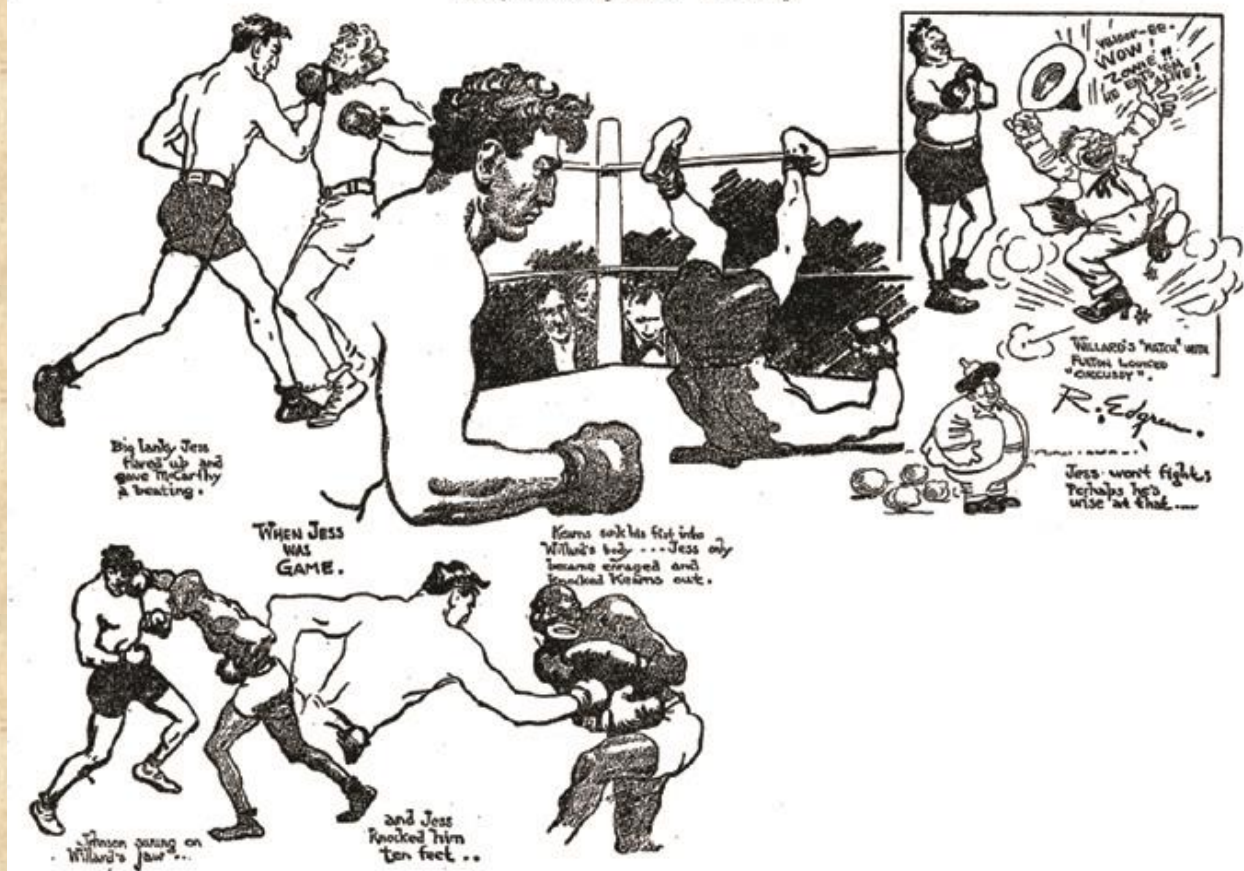
blood pouring from Willard's mouth to swell the stream that was leaking from his nose and from cuts on his face.

Dempsey's white trunks red

Dempsey wore a pair of white silk shorts, they were dyed crimson by the gore from Willard's wounds. The only decent thing to do was to stop the fight and Willard stopped it.

WILLARD IS EX-CHAMPION, EDGREN SAYS

No One Can Keep the Title, He Explains, Who Isn't Willing to Defend It—Other Champions Fought to Retain Honors Or Voluntarily Gave Them Up



The Boston Globe 18 January 1919 By Robert Edgren

Jess Willard is ex-heavyweight champion of the world. No, Jess hasn't been whipped. Not Yet. And It's likely he never will be. For he won't fight. That's why he has become an ex champion. No man can hold a championship title for several years without defending it. Jess may consider himself champion. But the public doesn't. And after all in ring affairs it is the public's opinion that counts.

Jess Willard won the heavyweight championship in a hard fought 26 rounds at Havana, April 5, 1915. That is nearly four years ago. He has had many challenges and many offers since then, but he has not fought once in defense of the championship. He boxed 10 rounds with Frank Moran, but that can be thrown out. It was a no decision affair, and so cannot possibly be considered a championship contest.

Once he "accepted" a match with Fred Fulton. But the whole affair looked "circussy." A circus friend of Willard's arranged it, got a tremendous lot of publicity, and finally talked the match out of existence.

All Fighting Champions, Except One

There was talk of a Willard-Fulton match "for the Red Cross." Fulton was willing. Willard bluffed, as usual, and nothing came of it. Then Dempsey knocked out Fulton which must have been a great relief to Willard. Except — of course — that raised a new challenger to prominence.

Willard has no possible excuse for not fighting Dempsey, unless he comes right out with a candid announcement that he has retired and never will defend his title.

If he should fight Dempsey the chances are he would be knocked out. Willard has lived too softly since he became champion to be in good fighting condition. A few weeks ago Dempsey knocked out big Carl Morris in one round with a terrific punch in the body. Morris never was in Willard's class as a boxer or fighter, but he was a big, tough fellow, game and enduring, and not given to any form of dissipation. It is likely Morris could take a harder wallop in the body than Willard can take now.

Willard's reluctance to defend his title against the hard-hitting Dempsey probably shows that Jess has good judgment. Refusing to defend the heavyweight title automatically relieves Willard of the crown. There is no precedent in the history of the ring for such action, or lack of action. John L. Sullivan -fought a ring battle within 10 weeks after knocking out Paddy Ryan. Until John L. had far passed his prime he fought as often as any one suggested a fight.

Jim Corbett fought Charlie Mitchell a year and four months after he beat Sullivan for the world's championship. Bob Fitzsimmons fought Jim Jeffries, his most formidable challenger, a little over a two years after knocking out Jim Corbett at Carson.

Defended Title 10 Times

Jeffries knocked out Fitzsimmons for the championship June 9, 1899, and fought Tom Sharkey on the following Nov . Five months was a long enough layoff, for Jeffries before fighting the toughest rival on the map.

In the four years he was champion, Jeffries defended his title 10 times against 10 different opponents. In his four years Willard has boxed one no decision bout. After Jeffries had announced his retirement. Tommy Burns was the next title by defeating the champions of other boxing countries.

Burns was a busy champion. He fought Squires of Australia, Moir of England, Dick Croker's Irish champion, Larue; visited France and challenged everyone, incidentally knocking out Squires again; went to Australia and beat Lang, the new Australian champion, and fought Jack Johnson, his closest rival from America, all within a few months. He was a real champion

while he lasted—a small man with the heart of a giant.

Jack Johnson picked a few soft, ones after beating Burns, but he did box five bouts within the next year, the fifth being with Stanley Ketchel, 10 months after winning the title. Although a middleweight, Ketchel was anything but "soft." He stood Johnson on his head with one well-placed hook in the 12th round, and might have won the fight but for over-eagerness to finish the big black champion.

With all this fighting activity of former titleholders as a good example, Jess Willard has no excuse for calling himself "champion" until he has long white whiskers. If fat has taken away his endurance, or if he feels that his stomach is no longer in condition to endure such a punch as Jack Dempsey can deliver, it is up to big Jess to announce his retirement. The public will respect him more than it does while Jess claims a title that he is so extremely reluctant to defend.

Playing It Safe

Willard's change of heart came just after he knocked out Johnson in that great fight at Havana. Two days after the fight he told me his plans. He said that he never would fight again, but that he would make as much money as he could in the next year or so on the stage, and then retire. He didn't intend to announce his retirement at once, although he thought he had "done enough" in defeating Johnson.

Apparently Willard knew his own mind at that time — except that later when he learned the financial possibilities connected with holding a championship title, he forgot all about retiring. There would be more excuse for Willard if he was a champion by accident. But he was a real champion and a great champion on the day he whipped Johnson. With the single exception of Jim Jeffries, I never knew of another heavyweight who had Willard's fighting equipment. He was a giant in size and strength, but as fast as a middleweight. He had lived a farmer's life and his vitality was unimpaired.

He had been coached by clever boxers until he actually outboxed Johnson in their fight, and he had nothing to fear in any match. Willard was game enough. I know that because I saw him in many fights. If he ever lost that natural gameness it was through a peculiar psychological twist — fear of losing money. Defeat grew up in a mind that had never known fear of any sort before until it had the same effect as actual fear of a beating.

Used to Show Gameness

Before he was champion Willard gave many evidences of gameness. One of his first important fights was with Luther McCarthy, who had just whipped Al Palzer and called himself "white champion." Willard was a novice, picked as an easy man for Luther. Luther swarmed all over Willard in the first minute of fighting, trying desperate to put him away in a round. And big, lanky Jess flared up and sailed into the famous McCarthy and gave him a 10-round beating.

Again, "Soldier" Kearns swung fist and wrist in Willard's stomach, and Jess only became enraged and knocked Kearns out with one punch on the chin.

In the fight at Havana, Jack Johnson sunk a terrific left hook in Willard's body, and Jess flamed into momentary rage and knocked Johnson 10 feet with a countering punch. The same thing happened when Johnson had clouted him on the chin with left and right that might have knocked out almost any other heavyweight. Probably in the days before he was champion, and before he was haunted by the dread of losing the money-making title, Willard might have fought Jack Dempsey or any one else.

But it's different now. Jess has been living among the fleshpots. He doesn't want to go back to crusts. He is said to have made \$240,000, without taking a hard punch or a risk of any sort. He wants another \$240,000. A single punch such as put Carl Morris away in the first round would spoil this pleasing possibility. And no one knows it better than Willard.

The whole country is interested in boxing now, because every officer and soldier in Uncle Sam's armies has taken up boxing. The whole country is interested in having active champions in every class. So Jess Willard will soon be forgotten, and the recognized champion will be the man who proves his right to the title by actual fighting in the ring

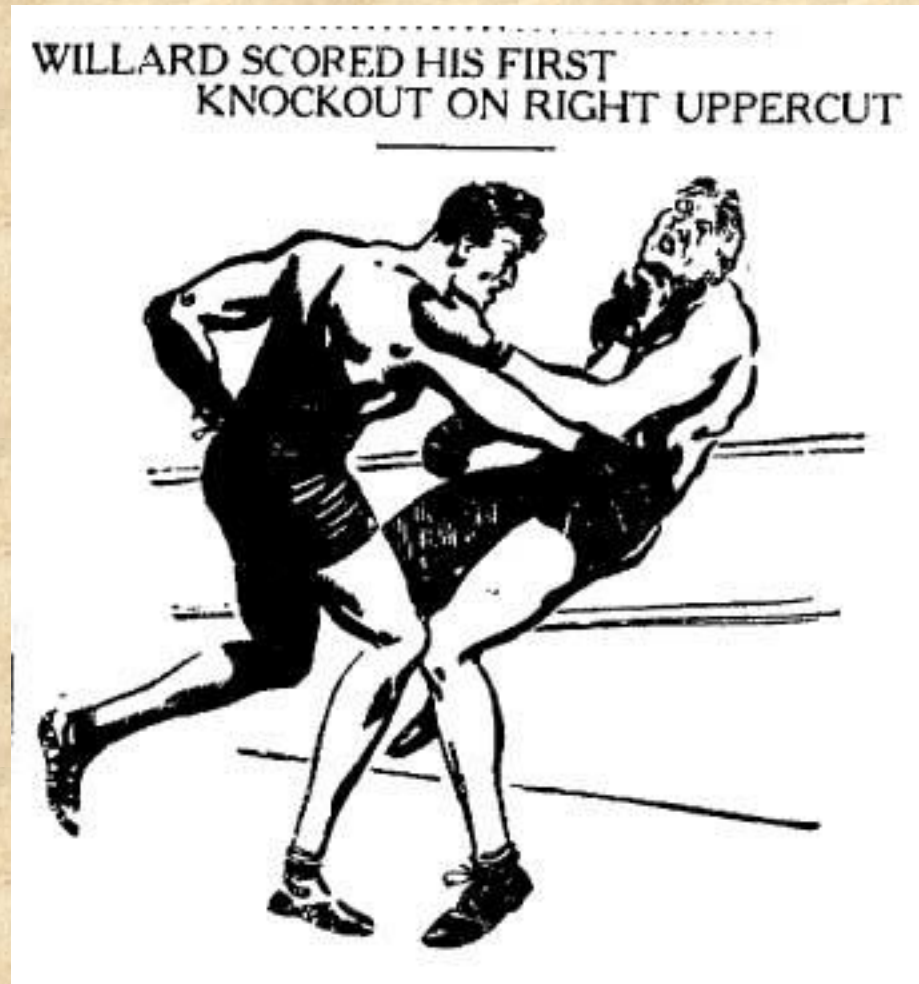
The following has been adapted from a series of articles published in 1919. By Jack Monroe

A history of Boxing

Has there ever been a championship fight between heavyweights in the American prize ring that didn't bear the label "The Ring Battle of the Century?" If there has it's one me. And I've followed the game from both the boxer's and the spectator's standpoint for many years.

The trite phrase has accompanied each ring conflict from the first battle for the title between Jake (Jacob) Hyer and Tom Beasley in 1816 down to the scheduled mill in Toledo on the Fourth of July as seemingly an important part of the mechanism of big fisticuffs as a main spring is to a watch. Oddly, enough, though, every championship encounter waged within the past century has contained some feature which seems to justify such a title. Ever stop to think of it.

The Ring Battle of the Century.



As a preface to the articles which follow it is interesting to consider this point as well as the remarkable progress of boxing since its origin.

The latter is chock full of tooth'some "dope" for the fight fan and It has a material bearing on the coming contest, showing it in its true light of importance as a modern athletic event. The Jeffries-Johnson bout in 1910 appeared to quality in every department

the supreme contest of its kind during the last century. Certainly there never was such a fight

that aroused one quarter of the public enthusiasm manifested in big Jeff's bungling attempt to snatch the supremacy of the ring for the white race from his cagey black antagonist.

Along with the attraction of mixed colors and races was the towering fistic reputation of each; the question from a scientific standpoint of a marvelous athlete's ability to "comeback" after a lay off of seven years; and the hitherto unheard of "amount of the purse offered by Tex Rickard who valued the contest at \$121,000.

Yet along comes the Willard-Dempsey affair preserving old traditions and presenting its own singular characteristic of the largest purse and the shortest number of scheduled rounds ever connected with a championship wrangle. Viewed from the monetary standpoint it can thus lay claim as have former famous battles to the glory of "The Ring Battle of the Century."

Considering the approaching bout'

in the halo of such pugilistic renown naturally invites comparison with ring events of other days. It is from such an analysis that the remarkable progress of boxing is best illustrated as well as the lofty plane on which the impending combat *is* to be conducted.

Brutality in Early Days of Boxing.

The earliest form of boxing dates back to the age of the ancient Greeks. These hardy people held the sport in the highest repute and in their primitive fashion were very skillful with their hands. Gladiators in the day of Homer fought with the a gauntlet composed of rawhide thongs usually weighted with lead to lend force (and usually fatality) to the blow. Needless to say few of these courageous pugs lived through

many well-placed blows from such a deadly "glove " Quite a contrast the harmless, well upholstered mitts with which Willard and Dempsey will make passes at each other. In those times little attention was paid to science. He who dealt the first murderous blow claimed the laurels Jim Corbett could have annihilated the entire Greek nation had he lived in the day of the gauntlet.

The foregoing, however, represents but the crude beginnings of boxing It is so different from latter day methods that it hardly deserves classification under such a head. James Figg the *first* English champion in 1740 is the generally accredited "father of boxing." From his time on we run across some astounding ring incidents which reveal the humane principles regulating ring engagements of today. Figg conducted a school in which boxing and sword play were taught and bouts between any and all were staged. These matches, advertised as "tests of manhood" were a curious mixture of sword play and boxing. When the former was terminated through broken weapons the contestants went at it with their fists. A generous tincture of wrestling was added to determine the end of a round. Figg reigned supreme in his day, his characteristic challenge calling for a fight "for love and bellyful." It surely takes more than that to promote a championship in these days of \$127,000 purses.

Until the introduction of Queensberry rules early ring encounters were contested with bare knuckles and wrestling played an important role in the proceedings. A round ended when either or both principals went to the ground. "Cross buttocks," "flying mares" and a variety of holds were used to accomplish an opponent's downfall That there was considerable brutality associated with the bare knuckles epoch is not to be questioned We have the following pen picture of the mill waged between Joe Hood and McDonald in 1775. "MacDonald fought bravely; he was

beaten so dreadfully before he gave in, that both eyes were closed and it was found that his jaw was broken "

Modern Boxing Not Dangerous.



Having dwelt on the brutality attending the bare-knuckle days let us examine the character of fighting which has marked the decisive ring battle since the advent of the boxing glove. Prize fighting became an extinct pastime with the first glove contest. When poor old dissipated John L. Sullivan sank to the damp sand of the new Orleans ring under Corbett's relentless right handers to the jaw he was far from being a badly punished boxer. True, the Old Roman was physically in a state of collapse, but this was as

much due to poor condition

as to the effect of his conqueror's blows. Sullivan was not even unconscious when counted out. He was merely badly dazed .and his seconds restored him to a normal condition after a few moments of face sponging. Before they had even finished their task John shambled over to theringside and raising his hand said "I've tried once too often. I am glad the championship remains in America."

Corbett didn't receive a Genuinely hard blow from Sullivan during the whole bout. When Corbett in turn succumbed to Fitzsimmons' solar plexus at Carson he was clear-headed although the punch had paralyzed his muscles. He was totally unable to make a move to regain his feet but he bore no marks from the fourteen rounds of desperate boxing.

Boxers Knocked Out Quickly Recover.

Fitzsimmons while rendered unconscious by Jeff when the Californian stretched him on the floor at Coney Island was anything but a gruesome sight Bob sported a discolored optic and a puffed mouth as souvenirs of Jeff's jib-boom left. But he revived from the knockout quickly and was out of the arena fifteen minutes after Jeff's right had laid him prostrate on the floor. Jeff's finish at Reno against Johnson was greatly similar to the downfall of Sullivan. The White Hope had a much battered appearance owing to his left eye being closed. But in reality he received little no punishment worth mentioning. His vitality had deserted him and he fell before a blow he would have laughed at in his palmy days.

When Tommy Burns, lost the title to Johnson he was actually on his feet. Johnson's physical advantages were plainly too much for the Canadian and the bout was stopped to prevent the plucky little Burns from receiving punishment he was unable to avoid and because he was giving none in return. Johnson's defeat at Willard's hands was somewhat similar to Jeff's downfall at Reno. He simply consumed all his strength pounding away at the big Kansan's anatomy. when he was entirely played out Jess unloosed the finished. The negro, badly exhausted collapsed, as much from over-exertion as the force of Jess' smite.

Strenuous Training of Old-Time Fighters.

Another interesting phase of primitive boxing methods was the amazing systems of training in vogue then. It represented a "grilling" equal only to that sustained in the fight itself. Back in the era of Deaf Burke we learn that fighters plodded for miles holding to the rear of a fast driven cart. This conditioning stunt ended only when the pugilist collapsed from sheer exhaustion. He was then toted back to his tavern and revived with copious dashes of cold water, followed by a glutton's meal of raw beef, ale and stale bread. What a rumpus Willard and Dempsey would kick up at the thought of exchanging their well ventilated gym's, skipping rope, punching bags, sparring partners and motor cars for such a strenuous routine. So much for progress in the matter of boxing and training.

The Era of "Frenzied Finance" In Boxing.

Roughly speaking boxing may be divided into three epochs denoting its development to the present high plans. These are the era of Figg who introduced bare fist fighting to supplant deadlier -weapons; the Sullivan-Corbett era with the arrival of Queenberry rules and the passing of London Prize Ring Rules; and the existing period of "frenzied finance" in the .promotion of glove contests. Tex Rickard, the Prince of Promoters" is the outstanding figure of the last named interval. It dates from 1910 when the Texan, a direct throwback of Bret Harte's Argonaut types of early California gold-mining days put up \$121,000 for Jeffries and Johnson at Reno.

The sporting and even the financial world was "taken by the ears" so to speak at Rickard's financial boldness at that time. Accustomed, now to Tex's big way of doing things comparatively little wonderment is manifested in his astounding offer of \$127,000 to Willard and Dempsey. Likewise his refreshing businesslike methods of insuring the contest, principals and even himself with Lloyd's in London is taken as a matter of course. But wouldn't old-timers turn over in their graves if they could hear of the way things are done nowadays? Imagine the mighty Heenan and Sayers battering each other with naked fists for more than two hours in a windswept field for a paltry 1,000. Or the same Tom Sayers beating Bill Perry "for \$1,000 aside and a new belt." Even the great John L. Sullivan and James Corbett were only given a purse of \$25,000, the boxers making the go worth the strife by adding a 20,000 stake.

Willards Place In Fisticana

It is possible to compare boxing and training tactics of the past with the present but not pugilists themselves. Willard's chief claim to fame, it appears to me, is his great size and strength combined with the ability to give and take punishment, particularly the latter. There are scores of former ring kings who base claim to lasting renown on the same grounds. Therefore it would be a sweeping statement to say that Willard is the greatest of these.

For instance, Charles Freeman, the first American champion was considerably taller and heavier than the present heavyweight title holder. His height was seven feet three inches and he scaled 333 pounds—a genuine giant to be sure. Looks as if he might have given Jess a rub had the burly Kansan been breathing in 1820 or thereabouts. As for Willard's ability to assimilate heavy blows it is doubtful if he excels Jim Jeffries in the latter's palmy days. Even previous to this we have the giant John Jackson back in 1778 who is said to have lifted ten hundred weight and a quarter and written his name with eighty-four pounds suspended from his little finger. That is an exhibition of strength which might interest the present Colossus of the squared circle.

Jess proved that he could "take it" when Johnson dealt him a healthy beating almost up to the moment of the negro's defeat at Havana. Nevertheless it was nothing compared to the punishment administered to Jeffries by Bob Fitzsimmons when the latter made his heroic attempt to win back the title at San Francisco in 1902. The modern ring hasn't an instance of a man surviving; a thrashing such as Jeff received in that bout and finally bring down his tormentor with almost a single punch. And Willard, to my way of thinking will have to furnish more; startling proofs than his knockout of the aged and dissipated Johnson to demonstrate that he delivers a harder blow than Sullivan, Jeffries, or Fitzsimmons did in their prime. However, this is not meant as any particular disparagement of Willard as a fighter. It is merely an attempt to classify him in the certain rank of famous sluggers which his particular talents suggests. After all it is glory enough, probably, for Jess that he has risen to the top of his profession by defeating "the best men of his day. You can't ask much more than that from anyone.

The Phenomenal Challenger for the Title.

With Jack Dempsey, the sensational challenger in the forthcoming struggle the case is somewhat clearer. His pugilistic attainments are of a marked order. Never in the history of the ring has a boxer earned the right to championship competition by such an amazingly brilliant record. He appears capable of unlimbering a punch the effectiveness of which is comparable to the foremost of pugilism's dreaded punchers. Even Sullivan and Fitzsimmons, who featured their combats with displays of heavy smiting and quick finishes do not approach the astonishing performance of the Colorado terror.

Because of the amazing quickness with which he has disposed of one antagonist after another Dempsey has never been forced to take much punishment. Whether he can survive a beating such as Jeffries did with Fitz and recover to whip his man has yet to be demonstrated. There are those who even believe he is an overrated performer, personally, however, I do not agree with these critics. Dempsey by his deeds has proved himself one of the most formidable men that ever challenged for the title. He will fight himself and make Willard fight from start to finish.

The early career of Jess Willard

Jess Willard is a unique champion even though many pugilistic sharps can't figure him in a class with our great kings of the squared circle. For a man who has earned the highest honor the "game" offers along with all its coveted reward's reward is certainly far from being impressive. And yet, strangely enough, it's the underlying secret of his mediocre, and often worse, showing which must catalogue the giant Kansan as one of the most extraordinary title holders the world has ever known.

And now let me disclose the afore mentioned secret which has to do with the champions shabby ring feats up to the time has made amends for them all by laying Johnson low under the blistering Cuban sun and restoring again the mastery of the ring to the white race. I think you will then agree with me that Willard's ring talents what they may, as compared to his predecessors of the last three decades or so he is entitled, when we consider the circumstances governing his rise, to mere praise for his success than any champion since Sullivan's day. Willard, unlike any other champion never took a boxing lesson up to the time of the Johnson fight and never in his life did he participate in a preliminary

or semi-final bout If you can name any other boxer who ever reached the top with as little ring learning I'll take back my statement that Willard is a unique ring champion. But I don't think even the heaviest dyed in the wool fight can do that

Ketchel's Case Similar to Willard's

The nearest thing to Jess Willard's case is that of the late Stanley Ketchel who almost became The worlds champion when his pile driver right put Johnson down and nearly out. Oddly enough

Both Ketchel and Willard were formally cow boys, Jess being the first to honor that calling with a world's pugilistic championship. I happened to be in Maryland back in 1907 when Steve blew down from Montana via the "bumpers" and in some mysterious way convinced "Coast promoters that he could beat Joe Thomas, then holder of the middleweight crown. Ketchel had never taken a boxing lesson in his life either, although he had received the benefit which comes with many preliminary bouts.

Sparring partners and trainers were total strangers to him yet he astounded sportdom by getting a twenty round draw with the great Thomas eventually beating Joe for his crown. Ketchel trained for the bout largely on doughnuts his gym being the back of a saloon kindly donated the "stranger" by a Marysville Boniface I mention this early parallel case of Ketchel's because it is the only one to my knowledge which in any way approaches Willard's.

OTHER CHAMPION'S WELL SCHOOLED

As for other champions of the past four decades their preparation for the final effort which brought the championship has in every instance been complete. Sullivan had a lengthy list of struggles with some of the most formidable men of its day before he beat Paddy Ryan for the title. Jim Corbett although the greatest natural boxer the ring has ever known, was tutored in the elementary principles of boxing by Prof Walter Watson of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Corbett too scapped some of the hardiest of Sullivan's contemporaries before facing the Boston Strong Boy at New Orleans. Bob Fitzsimmons was a veteran of thirty five with seventeen bitter years of milling behind him when his great solar plexus punch vanquished Corbett at Carson. Jeffries picked up a lot of ring knowledge as Corbett's sparring partner, Johnson had been through eleven years of all descriptions of ring work when he met Jeffries for the championship.

WILLARD LEARNED BY FIGHTING

But how different with Willard A somewhat shiftless cow puncher on the Kansas prairies he never thought of boxing as a career until the "white hope" craze was inaugurated by Jeff's downfall There was never any atmosphere of the ring in Willard's early life for few prominent ringsters ever visited the Kansas plains where Jess eased out his living branding cattle. Most great fighters have been born or have lived in a square circle environment so to speak and this a hereditary advantage not to be scoffed at. Willard was plying his cow punching trade in Oklahoma when the idea of becoming a "White Hope" seized him. Jess didn't take himself very seriously however at least not to immigrate to New York which was the Mecca for all the aspiring heavies who would bear the "White Mans Burden". At that time the burly Al Palzar had won the "White Hope" tourney and Frank Moran and Tom Kennedy were sounding their claims for recognition as a opponent for Johnson.

Carl Morris also had gained renown by stopping the venerable Mike Schack. Jess's idea of becoming a hope crystallized into action in the spring of 1911 when he selected one Louis Fink

for his victim. The bout was stage and Jess lost out on a foul in the tenth round. Jess was so unspeakably clumsy that in threshing his huge arms through space in an effort to find a vulnerable spot on his opponent he committed a foul

Jess's ardor for ring gloves was dampened a bit. He went back to his cow punching for a whole month before donning the mitts again.

JESS' FIRST KNOCKOUT

Our hero then took on Ed Burke, a boxer with some local reputation in Oklahoma. In the third round Jess delivered a terrific upper cut with his right and Burke broke the ropes and crashed into the spectators – out cold. In his first knockout Jess told me he discovered that his best punch was the right upper cut and he has employed it with damaging effects ever since. Encouraged by his showing Willard sought out his first by his showing Willard sought out his first antagonist of his ring debut Fink and flattened out with the same punch in the same round.

Jess now laid his branding iron away for good and concentrated his entire attention on boxing. He had no manager but followed his own simple training rules and fought fairly regularly. Being a married man with a family kept Jess in a serious frame of mind concerning getting ahead in his new undertaking. However even this early he displayed some of the timidity and lack of confidence which marred some of his later battles. After thrashing Louis Fink he scored successive knockouts Al Mardino, Ben Schiller and won ten decisions over Frank Lyons and Mike McKimminsky.

WILLARD GOES AFTER THE BIG ONES

Then in 1912 a spirit of rivalry for the Oklahoma favorite prompted Jess to wade out into the deeper waters of pugilism, Carl while Jess was exchanging wild haymakers with Oklahoma "hicks" was making a name for himself in Gotham True he had taken the most brutal beating a boxer ever received in New York at the hands of Jim Flynn in his first start, but he won thousands of friends for his remarkable gameness.

He had gone right on fighting and had scored knockouts over third raters and made a good showing with Jim Stewart. Gunboat Smith was attracting attention just then with his famous "occipital" punch. Al Palzer was going great guns too Having cleaned up Tom Kennedy, Al Kaufman. Sailor White and Bombardier Wells. Then Lute McCarty snared the spot-light from all of them by dropping Willard's rival Carl Morris in six rounds. That settled all doubts in Jess's mind evidently about attracting notice by his feats in Oklahoma rings. He felt that it was up to him to match his pugilistic wares with the toughest on the market in New York.

NEW YORK VIA INDIANA AND ILLINOIS

But there still must have been a lingering doubt in Jess's unsophisticated mental machinery. He didn't go direct. Instead he hit Ft. Wayne, Ind., and added to his growing store of ring confidence by connecting his powerful right uppercut with the Louis Fink and flattened that person made the connection in the sixth round after a stubbornly fought bout.

Our hero then meandered over to Chicago where he loafed about for a month looking for an opponent which suited his Discriminating fancy. However the unquenchable thirst of Mr Young who had tasted big Jess's dozy right in Ft Wayne decided for him. He gave Young another chance and this time Young met the Sandman a round earlier. Jess by this time had perfected a pretty good stiff jab out of his shaggy and ponderous left arm. With it he cropped Young's rushes and then finished him off with the favorite right uppercut. While putting in time around Chicago gymnasiums Jess made the acquaintance of Charley Cutler, the wrestler. Cutler looked Jess over carefully and came to the conclusion that Willard was made of at least "White Hope" timber. Cutler offered to take the embryo champ to New York after the rings' big game. Jess rather liked the idea of Cutler as his mentor and manager—the first he had ever had—and told him to dig up some sort of a match—"I'm not particular what it's with, just to keep busy" was the way the thumper put it.

HIS VICTORY OVER PELKEY

About this time Arthur Pelkey a rugged, slow moving Massachusetts slugger had attained some distinction by knocking out the veteran Jim Barrv and tough Soldier Kearns. He was fairly well thought of in New York but Culler who had seen Pelkey perform figured he would find Willard's height and baffling left jab with the soporific uppercut too much for him. It was a well made match and Willard owes this following big battles in the metropolis to Cutler's clever management. Willard's how to Knickerbocker's fight fans was quite an auspicious one.

Willard was wholly unknown to both Pelkey and New York, the latter taking Cutler's word for it that Willard could make Pelkey extend himself. Pelkey who had never seen nor heard of Willard felt no especial alarm in the match. He regarded it as one more step toward a match with Johnson for the world's title.

JESS ASTOUNDS NEW YORKERS—AND PELKEY

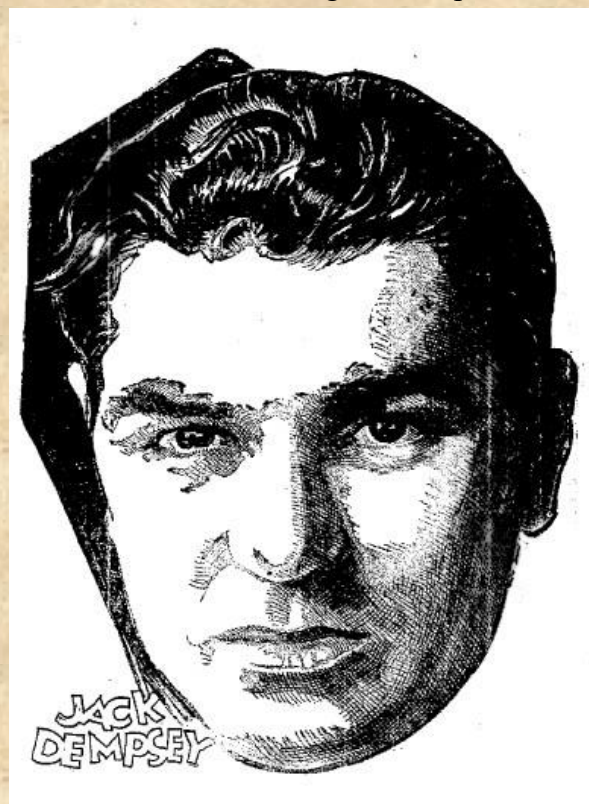
But when the lowering Jess with no bath robe — he hadn't acquired such a degree of opulence yet but just a Turkish towel covering his massive shoulders, parted the ropes New Yorkers gasped. So did Pelkey for that matter. Here was a bigger man even than Jim Jeffries and huskier also than the rising Carl Morris who was presumed to run about as large as anything in the way of a White Hope. Everyone was anxious to see what the giant stranger could do. Also what Pelkey who looked like a pygmy compared to his husky antagonist would do.

Arthur's first rush told the story The Chicopee bruiser came out of his corner lickoty split intending to mow the big rube down with one fell swoop. Bu Willard was ready for him and performed a bit of swooping himself. Jess brought his left back almost on a line with his shoulder and thrust it forward squarely into Pelkey's left eye. His rush was stopped short and for the moment he was badly hurt but big Jess untaught in the art of following up advantages allowed his man to recover. Pelkey recovered , physically but from the moment of impact of Jess' first left jab Arthur realized that beating the mammoth opposed to him was out of the question.It was as much out of the question as keeping out of reach of Jess's long left.

The bout went the full ten rounds and was a slovenly fought affair. Nevertheless the honors went to Willard and New York was made to understand that the big Kansan would have to be considered in future White Hope wrangles.

MATCHED WITH MCCARTY

Cutler immediately got In touch with Billy McCarney, Luther McCarty's manager and suggested a match between McCarty and Willard. McCarty at the time was the reigning sensation owing to his being the first man to put Carl Morris down for the full count. McCarney had seen Willard in one of his Oklahoma "Fights" and picked him for a "set up" for Luther, not taking into



consideration the fact that Willard had improved some since then. Willard who seemed to have acquired a complete store of confidence was delighted at his New York prospects. A sample of his faith in his ability is found in his answer to a friend who reminded him. In comparison, of Jim Jeffries miserable showing on his first New York bout when he boxed Bob Armstrong back in 1898before winning the Championship. "Oh I'm a better man than Jeffries was then!" Willard snapped back.

Jack Dempsey

HE HAS THE K, O, ABILITIES

Challenger of Willard Called Big Terry McGovern

HE IS NOT A LITTLE MAN

Big Scrapper a Success From the Start

EARLY RING CAREER OF JACK DEMPSEY

"He's a big Terry McGovern!" How often have we heard that glorifying phrase applied to some big fellow -who has created a sensation by victories gained in a slam bung style of fighting. It is a custom of the ring sharps to characterize about every bruiser who isn't a Jim Corbett or a Kid McCoy in the maker of ring generalship a "big Terry McGovern." But In reality the term has been very grossly misused—as well as abused.

There never was a "big Terry McGovern"— as I knew that dauntless little fighting machine— until the present Jack Dempsey who faces Willard On the Fourth of July at Toledo arrived, pugilistically speaking. But that Jack Dempsey may rightfully enjoy the appellation is not to do disputed. He is the long looked for "big Terry McGovern.". His record punctuated with fourteen knockouts in twenty-six engagements since his defeat by the veteran Jim Flynn in 1917 is even more impressive that of the once wonderful little king of the ring now passed away.

THE IDEAL FIGHTING CHAMPION

People, have been looking for the "big Terry McGovern" for a long While. That, such a combination of diabolical fighting fury , terrific punching and reckless Disregard of opponents blows in a heavy weight would win the championship has always been contended.

Several times we thought he had appeared with all of the McGovern trappings. Tom Sharkey and Kid Carter back In the olden days were perhaps the nearest to approach a heftier edition of McGovern. Both worked a slam bang fashion and their wild wallops .were knockouts when they landed. Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke infused considerable of the MCGovern technique and their hitting was tremendous. Al Palzer's knock-down and drag out style was something of a. reminder of Terry on an enlarged scale but he was too unskilled although a heavy hitter.

Carpentier, the agile French heavy with his determined rushing and snappy hitting is a better specimen of the successful "rip and tear" fighter. And for a time it did look as if Gunboat Smith, who had acquired the habit of stretching his opponents with his swishing "occipital" clout behind the ear, would become the McGovern of his class. He employed a devil-may care attitude n the ring and his one thought was to drop the other fellow which he usually did. However eventually he ran afoul of one of Sam Langford's crushers and his decline thereafter was rapid.

THE KNOCKOUT KNACK

But all of these boxers although possessing some elements of that hitherto mythical "big Terry McGovern"seemed to have lacked what Jack Dempsey possess in the amazing degree that terry exhibited when in action against his foes. What is the knockout knack for quick finishes which is the inevitable production of a natural born fighter with a natural born fighting style. It is a punch that, is half planned and half executed before it is planned so to speak. The. "knockout knack." as it may best be termed comes with such a style as spontaneously as wheels with a wagon.

The style is neither scientific in a studied sense nor is it wholly crude and chance taking either though the relentlessness of its attack it creates natural openings for intuitives and naturally driven blows that contain the knockout, sting. As Dempsey himself said when asked to explain his remarkable knockout ability

“I haven’t got any regular system for getting the other fellow. I just send them in as often and as hard as I can until something drops. Then I know I’ve got over the old K.O”

STUDENTS AND NATURAL BORN FIGHTERS

What, is the difference between the students exponent, of the knockout art and the natural fighting man with a style of milling inborn. Ask Kid McCoy or Bob Fitzsimmons how they scored their knockouts and they would have analyzed a series of moves and feints leading up to the psychological moment for the winning smash.

DEMPSEY NOT A LITTLE MAN

Jack Dempsey, therefore considered in the light of his thrilling ring Deed is unparalleled in the annals of challengers for the World's heavy weight championship. He may or may not be a greater fighter than some of the champions and near champions of by gone days. But his record, our only criterion, seems to argue that he is. Dempsey has been called a “Little Man” but this is only in comparison with the bulk of the giant Jess Willard, the biggest man of modern ring times. Dempsey is a trifle over six feet tall and strips at 197 pounds solid fighting muscle.

How can such an individual be called a “Little man”?, Jem Mace, Britain’s greatest, scaled only 180 at his best and Fitzsimmon’s weighed but 158 when he whipped Corbett. Sullivan in his best days never carried more than 190. Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain weighed the same as Sullivan. Jim Jeffries was the first title holder who was a bigger man than Dempsey, he scalling an exact 205 when he whipped Fitz for the championship at Coney Island. Jack Johnson tipped off the team at 190 to 200 when in his finest physical trim.

DEMPSEY THE KNOCKOUT KING

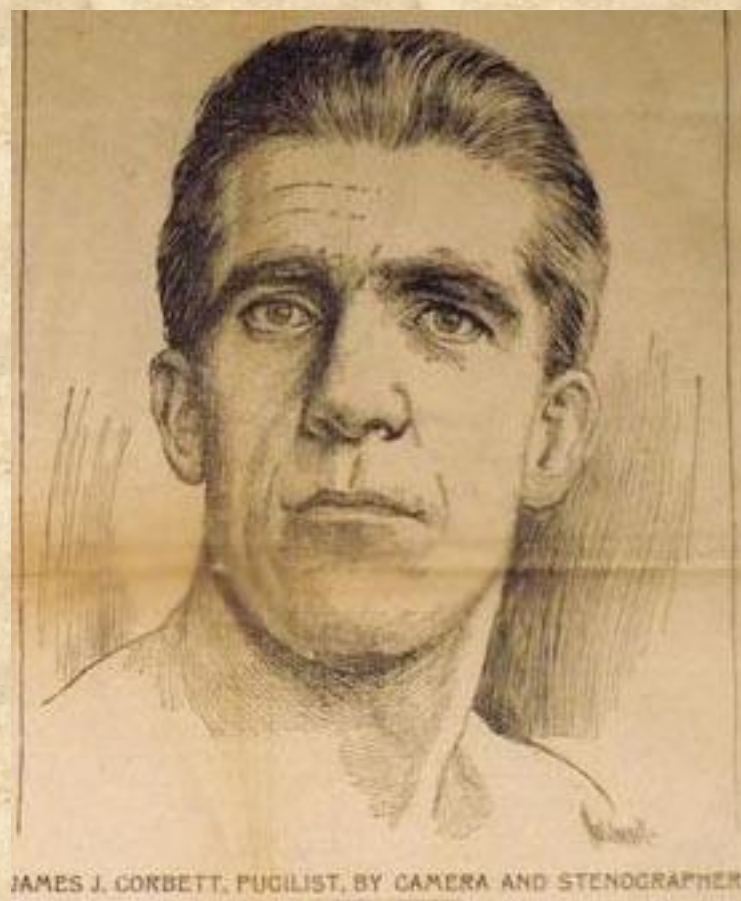
Dempsey in thirty five recorded fights has terminated twenty eight of them by knockouts. His bouts have averaged about two and a fraction rounds – a singularly phenomenal record. Even Bob Fitzsimmons generally considered the greatest heavyweight the ring ever produced and the heaviest hitter doesn’t quite class with today’s challenger as a quick finisher.. After winning the middle weight title the great Cornishman in eighteen ring conflicts with the heaviest of his period dealt knockouts right and left but on averaging them up I find that each fight lasted about five and a half rounds —about two rounds longer than those of Dempsey's. The Colorado terror may never win the world's title but that he is the present knockout king is beyond denial.

Jack Dempsey is twenty-four years old, is of American parentage and first saw the light of day in West Virginia. When he was a mere stripling his folks moved to Grand Junction, Colorado. After he had pursued knowledge far enough in the Grand Junction public schools, the youthful Jack forsook the light of knowledge for the darkness of a Colorado coal mine. Jack plied the pick several years building cushions of good muscle on his robust frame by daily swinging the pick and driving the point into nature's resisting rock formations. But young Jack has a

romantic nature and unloosening coal soon grew irksome. He finally prevailed upon his family to move to Salt Lake City. There Jack worked at odd jobs , carpentering, railroading and other occupations which always contributed to his physical growth.

SIGNIFICANCE OF FIGHTERS PREVIOUS EMPLOMENT

Its a curious fact to note in connection with the previous occupations of stars of the ring that only one, to my knowledge, has ever relinquished a sedentary position and taken up the rough life of the ring and made good. Usually people who punch other folks faces for their bread and butter have been identified with some job that has endowed them with muscles and stamina to withstand the buffeting of the ring.



JAMES J. CORBETT, PUGILIST, BY CAMERA AND STENOGRAPHER

James J. Corbett was the exception. He was a sallow faced, stoop shouldered bank clerk when he first got the notion he would like to shine as a fighter. Jim then gave up the bank cage for the great out doors where he built up the physique that enabled him to vanquish John L. Sullivan th “Boston Strong Boy”.

Sullivan himself was a tinner’s apprentice. Bob Fitzsimmons developed his matchless fighting machinery as a blacksmith. Jim Jeffries acquired additional power to his great natural strength by battering the resisting iron in his boiler making trade. Jess Willard , Lute McCarty and the marvelous Stanley Ketchel stored up energy in the active life of cow boys.

Peter Maher one of the stiffest punchers that ever donned the mitts built up his driving power tossing beer barrels about. Tommy Burns developed a great amount of stamina as a professional hockey player in Canada. Loading river boats as a stevedore on the Galveston waterfront laid the foundation of Jack Johnson's splendid muscular make up and fed the strength to force the mighty Jeffries arms behind the Californians back while coming out of the clinches. Outside of George Carpentier, and Bill Lang .

Dempsey is the first, ex-miner of today to win renown in pugilism.

THE CASE OF KID MCCOY

One of the best illustrations of a boxer lacking the physical qualifications yet having every thing else was the famous Kid McCoy. McCoy, who lived on his wits, (of which he had plenty both in and out of the ring), never did a lick of the hard work that toughens the body and puts breadth of chest and sturdy muscle on a man. McCoy, perhaps the trickiest and foxiest gladiator that ever parted Queensberry ropes, never weighed over 160 pounds in his life. After Fitzsimmons graduated into the heavyweight class McCoy was recognized by some as the middleweight king but the calculating kid had bigger aims. He wanted to feature the heavies too. His boundless ring craft and terrific corkscrew wallop rendered him a menace to the best of them, but the lack of a better physique barred the way to his lofty ambitions. He could never get past Tom Sharkey and the bigger Jim Corbett.

DEMPSEY JOB FITTED HIM FOR FIGHTING

Jack Dempsey, however, has had the benefit of previous development in earlier pursuits. No better looking man than the challenger ever stripped for hostilities in a modern prize ring. Above the waist he is built like a Fitzsimmons with arms even more powerful and shoulders almost as broad as Lanky Bob's. His well formed head and square jaw repose on a seventeen inch neck constructed it would seem especially for absorbing blows without the shock of insensibility. Jack's legs are those of a runner, tapering ankles which would do credit to a high school girl and accounting for his fast footwork.

JACK A SUCCESS FROM THE START

From the start Jack Dempsey was an astonishing success as a fighter. Fighting was all he knew or wanted to know. He never pinned for cleverness. This is demonstrated by the fact that from his first ring fray with Freddie Woods, as town bully in Montrose Colorado . jack registered eighteen consecutive knockouts. In the bunch there wasn't anything better than third raters and jack wasn't more than that himself. But his victories proved that he had the "kick" and Salt lake sports were loud in their praise of the youngsters fighting ability. Dempsey himself must have formed a fairly good estimate of his worth for he packed a carpet bag of lurid hue and New York to carve out a glittering fistic reputation for himself.

STACKS UP AGAINST JOHN LESTER JOHNSON

However like many others who have built air castles of fame in Gotham Dempsey's dreams never materialized. Jack participated in several small bouts and then went up against John Lester Johnson the giant Harlem Negro who had quite a name at the time. Dempsey, practically a novice, held the big black almost even and was given an ovation when he left the ring. New Yorkers were predicting a future not very far away for the scrappy stranger when Dempsey packed up all his belongings in the colorful carpet bag and pulled stakes for Salt Lake without the fame or fortune he had designed for himself when leaving the west.

PUT OUT JIM FLYNN

On top of Jack's indifferent success in the east his first start back home was a calamity. Dempsey took a knockout from the ancient Jim Flynn whose victory caused a mild sensation in the sporting world, not so much because Dempsey was his victim but because it was believed that there was no one left that the once tough fireman could dispose of. Dempsey was badly discouraged and announced his retirement. He drifted down Frisco way and there ran into Jack Kearns and the collision was certainly the making of Dempsey.

Kearns at the time was promoting a wrestling tourney in Oakland and he allowed Jack to fool around with the wrestlers. Dempsey had some ambition of becoming a wrestler and did quite a lot of mat work in preparation for a carrer with the toe twisters.

TACKLES THE FOUR ROUND GAME IN FRISCO

Kearns however induced him to take up boxing again and secured a four round bout for him with Willie Meechan. The latter had created quite a furor with his peculiar style of milling and comical appearance but for all that he was rated as a fighter. Dempsey surprised the four round fans by thrashing the pudgy "gob" and getting the verdict at the end of four fast rounds, that time there was a fellow in Frisco named Al Norton who was looked upon by many as a coming world beater. Norton was burly chap fairly clever and a hard hitter and had cleaned up the cream of the coast heavyweights. He was beginning to consider New York and the big game when a promoter induced him to stay on the coast long enough to pad out his record with a KO alongside the name of Jack Dempsey .

Norton acquiesced and Dempsey and the new coast wonder, who was to keep green by his performances the memories of other California ring immortals, Jeffries, Corbett, Choynski, Berger and Kaufman – came together in a four round tilt.

THE KNOCKOUT OF NORTON

Norton rushed from his corner with the obvious intention of annihilating the stranger from Colorado. Jack ducked a brace of wild haymakers and drove a stiff left to Al's mid section

followed with crushing right hook to the point of the jaw. Norton hit the canvas like a big tree felled by a woodsman's axe. It was a cold knockout. Dempsey became a ring idol on the coast over night.

Jack followed up the Norton knockout by administering similar treatment to Charlie Miller, the big motorman, and clever Bob McAllister. Gunboat Smith who had been hanging around the coast after a series of reverses in the East was the next victim. Most of the fans in spite of Dempsey sensational defeats of Norton, Miller and McAllister picked the seasoned Gunner to drop the newcomer. And the gunner came near to doing it.

In the first round Gunboat connected with his famous occipital and Dempsey almost went to the floor. However Jack recovered and when Smith saw that his heaviest punch had failed to stop Dempsey he became disheartened. Dempsey went after Gunboat full tilt and dispensed a thorough beating to the once formidable heavyweight. Although out weighed by more than a hundred pounds Dempsey next essayed a four round tilt with tough Carl Morris who was still claiming a right to the heavyweight crown.

Dempsey gave Morris one of the worst flailings that the much punched boxer ever received, battering the ring mammoth all over the enclosure and even having the upper hand in the roughing which was a feature in every bout that Carl had a glove in. Dempsey had now attracted attention throughout the country and began to turn regularly to the sporting page to find out the latest news about his ring doings.

Ring Career of Jess Willard Heavyweight Champ to the Present

Jess Willard and Lute McCarty, the reigning ring sensation back in 1912, came together in the ring at Madison Square Garden, I happened to be sitting in a balcony seat with a friend watching clever Jim Savage eliminating Tom Kennedy from Championship consideration in the second bout of the evening. Joe Jeanette, the colored boxer, had polished off an aspiring white biffer in the first bout and McCarty the recognized white heavy weight champion, and the comparatively unknown Willard were carded to appear in the final. Willard, who had not yet invested in a bath robe, and clad only in short, tight-fitting blue trunks, suddenly emerged from the upstairs dressing room and recognizing me came over and took a seat by my side. I had happened to be present at his first New York appearance against Pelkey several weeks previously and I congratulated him on his creditable showing then.

Down below in the ring the referee had just stopped the Savage-Kennedy bout, poor Tom being almost completely blinded and wholly at the mercy of Savage. The latter had displayed the phantomlike cleverness of Jim Corbett and his blows carried the punishing power of a Kid McCoy. He had peppered big Kennedy's rugged countenance with a left which worked like the easy mechanism of a locomotive piston rod. Jim was only awaiting the psychological moment to register a knockout when the referee halted the carnage.

JESS A CONFIDENT TYRO

I turned to Jess and said, I thought Savage's boxing was a mighty fine exhibition and I asked the big Kansan as to what he thought he could do with the flashy Jerseyman. "I can more than hold my own with the best of these 'White Hopes,' " declared Willard, "even though I've still got a lot to learn about boxing." ; "Savage is a wonderful boxer though" mused Jess as Jim stepped from the arena amidst the cheering throngs. I couldn't help but to reflect as I pictured in my mind the clumsy lumbering Willard against Pelky that it was probably the embryo champion's

good fortune that he hadn't been in Tom Kennedy's shoes against the Orange scrapper on that occasion. Fighting in the form that Savage displayed that night I honestly believe he could have whipped any heavy weight living at the time, barring only, perhaps. Jack Johnson.

Then Jess tapped my shoulder and aroused me from my "White Hope" soliloquy, "Well I see McCarty comin' down the isle, guess I'd better be goin' down to get ready for him. I know you think he's going to beat me Jack, but don't fool yourself he's going to get the surprise of his life. And with that Jess picked his way along the balcony aisle and descended the steps. for a boxer with little experience Between the ropes as Willard, I was amazed at his confidence and air of self-sufficiency. Over-confidence, or confidence on a false foundation, has been the undoing of many a fighter who if his shortcomings had been pointed out to him might have achieved success instead of failure. That was largely my case when I faced Jeffries the second time. i thought I knew enough to cope with the champion but a dozen battles more would have taught me many things with which I could have mastered little difficulties that more than matched my comparatively limited experience, and so I thought it would be with Willard .

McCARTY A HOT FAVORITE OVER WILLARD

McCarty although had not engaged in many more fights than Willard possessed a much more impressive record. He had knocked out the gigantic Carl Morris in six rounds – the first man to turn the trick – and had bested Jim Stewart among others. He and Al Phalzer were rated the kings of the struggling white hopes.

JESS STARTLING IMPRESSION ON McCARTY

McCarty had never before seen Willard until Jess shouldered his way through the ropes. His was a study as he walked briskly over to Inspectthe taping of his ponderous opponent's hands. Luther was far from being afraid of any man living and himself was as finely developed as a Greek gladiator of old. Nevertheless unless I am mistaken there was just a bit of astonishment in his gaze after he had returned to his corner and intently watched the massive cowboy tug on the ropes to quicken his battle spirit.

McCARTY DIDN'T TAKE STARCH OUT OF WILLARD

However, astonishment was soon replaced by a berserk fighting fury when Luther heard the brazen clang of the gong. McCarty always opened his fights with a rush and a brace of heavy punches to take the starch out of his opponent. That's just what he did with Jess, excluding that little detail about the starch. McCarty, like Pelkey ran Into one of the most annoying things that can befall a rushing pugilist bent on destruction. That is a stiffened straight left Jab, the impact of which is of redoubled shock when it nails the object coming in.

Luther pounded back on his heels. An expression of bewilderment and surprise spread over his features. Then he swept forward again carrying Jess to the ropes. Big jess however, merely leaned back out of range while McCarty endeavored vainly to reach him with a damaging wallop. McCarty set the pace ceaselessly for seven rounds while big Jess coolly measured at least three quarters s of Lute's advances with his punishing left jab and right uppercut, or else leaned far back from the waist .out of reach from the deadly barrage of McCarty's gloves.

Although he never ceased to land The right that had flopped Carl Morris, McCarty, inflicted practically no damage on Willard. Jess's weak points as a boxer were revealed in high relief in the first even round Of the battle for McCarty was more than once on Queer Street from the effects of the ponderous Kansan's blows. But either Jess' untrained eye failed to detect Luther's condition or a natural spirit of unnecessary caution prevented him from following up his advantages.

WILLARD CARRIES BATTLE TO McCARTY

However, either Jess himself or Charley Cutler his second concluded that the time was ripe, at the beginning of the eighth, to carry the battle to McCarty. The crowd which had been amazed at McCarty's Inability to do anything with the towering Westerner was almost stricken dumb when Willard himself opened the eighth with a rush. Jess swung McCarty to the ropes and belabored Luther with rights and lefts. Poor McCarty was almost entirely on the defensive until the finish of the bout. Only his great gameness enabled him to endure Willard's terrific swings and right upper cuts. Willard was an easy winner when the bell clanged at the end of the tenth.

All New York was now acclaiming Willard as the logical white opponent for Johnson after he had brushed up a bit on his boxing.

JESS AN UNSOPHISTICATED CONQUEROR

Jess showed what an unsophisticated ringster he was after the bout Almost any other pug who had won a victory over the recognized best white heavyweight of the time would have made to the bar room to play the "Good Fellow" and drink in the flattery of a great fighter's parasited to the accompaniment of tinkling champagne glasses. Not so Jess. I had expected to find him in the little café adjoining the Madison Square Garden arena.

I shouldered my way in and looked around for the "good fellow" with the golden future. But Willard was no where along the rail, thought that probably he had not yet finished dressing so I strolled on out the Madison avenue entrance, and who should I see but big Jess propping himself against one of the Garden pillars, surrounded by a gaping mob of ring fans and street urchins.

Jess was silently looking off toward the twinkling lights of Madison Square. He was clad in a remarkably loose fitting, unkempt suit of clothes and sported a good old sombrero of the Kansas plains. After Jess figured he had amply provided for the crowd's curiosity he suddenly threaded his way-through the press and made off down Broadway. I caught up with him and asked where he was going to celebrate the McCarty victory.

"Guess I'll go to bed, Jack, there's nothing doing around town this hour of the night," Jess replied. It was then about a quarter to twelve—Just about the time I made up my mind that If Jess Willard ever became Champion he would never manufacture superficial popularity over the brass rail of a bar.

Jess Cultivates The Knockout Habit

Jess now had a big name as a White Hope. He next tackled the rough and ready sailor White and upheld his reputation by flattening the seaman with a well directed right uppercut in the opening round. About this time an individual greatly resembling Tom Sharkey to looks and action was creating a furor by the manner in which he was disposing of tough opponents. This gentleman was Soldier Kearns, who was army champ and who also keeled over One Round Davis and the "Hard Boiled" Andy Morris in a round each.

Jess and the Soldier were matched and the wise ones whispered that a certain cow puncher congesting Broadway, would soon be roping cattle again down Oklahoma way. Some of the reform element Even tried to halt the match on the grounds that it was nothing short of a crime to pit an innocent , overgrown cowboy against a man eating type like Kearns. But the match came to pass.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE SOLDIER KEARNS

For the first few rounds Jess was very cautious. Kearns tore into the big fellow and made quite a showing despite Jess' big advantage in size.

It was about an even thing when the Two squared off for the eighth round. Jess was content to lean far back out of range, while avoiding the burly dough-boy's haymakers and didn't make a great attempt to inflict damage on his foe. He smiled a lot and now and then poked Kearns a stiff jab or rapier-like uppercut by way of diversion. It looked as if it would go to the limit unless Jess ran into one of the soldier's wild swings which were frequently swishing through the air.

The eighth was about half over when Kearns drove a terrific left to Willard's Stomach. Jess beaming good nature was changed to a boiling fury with the wallop. The cow boy drew a long breath and shot a straight right to Kearns's jaw. It was one of the hardest raps I've ever seen delivered in or out of the ring Kearns's heels went high in the air and he landed in almost vertical position, with his head where his feet should be, on the other side of the ring. It was a clean knockout.

This bout proved conclusively that Willard was a genuine fighter when he felt like Unlimbering his ring artillery and pounding the enemy.

WILLARD ENCOUNTERS ADVERSITY

Jess was now enjoying some degree of fame as a promising candidate for Jack Johnson's honors. But he was soon to run afoul of the New York State Boxing Commission. Early in 1913 he Journeyed to his old stamping ground in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, and polished off Fred Bauer and Jack Leon in five and four rounds respectively. Previously he had been matched with One Round Davis for a set to at Buffalo, but Willard injured his hand on Leon and was unable to entertain the One Round artist. Jess didn't even bother about notifying! the Buffalo Club that he couldn't go on. For this he drew a suspension from the New York authorities.

FORMS PARTNERSHIP WITH TOM JONES

However, about this time Jess ran across the astute Tom Jones. Tom explained to the crest fallen rancher that New York wasn't the only place a pug could make a rep. He suggested a trip to the Pacific coast and Jess pulled stakes for the land of sunshine under the management of the man who was to pilot him to a world's championship. However misfortune was not yet through with big Jess. He tackled the formidable Gunboat Smith who had been dumping heavyweight aspirants right and left with his terrible "Occipital" swing as his manager described it.

The Gunner had a knack of connecting his crusher early and Jess had been warned by Jones to watch for it. Willard was getting along famously bending back out of the patch of Smith's comet like lift and inflicting some damage of his own. But in the fifth Smith connected with his swing. Willard said afterward that it was the hardest smack he had ever bumped into. It was almost a knockout although Jess didn't go to the floor.

WHIPPED BY GUNBOAT SMITH

At that it really won the fight for the Gunner. Willard became so wary of a similar swipe that he lost all the thought of fight and was content to stick twenty rounds with Smith. Gunboat received a well earned decision. Willard greatly discouraged told Jones he was going to quit fighting. For almost a month he lay idle and moped. Then Jones aroused him to action again, picking an easier match in Charlie Miller the big motorman. Jess and Miller went four rounds to a draw.

A couple of months later Willard encountered another mishap. At Vernon, California, he knocked out Bill Young in the eleventh round, the

bout ending in the latter's death. Jess was put under arrest, but eventually was exonerated of blame for the unfortunate ending of the mill. The realization that an opponent had died from the effect of one of his blows increased Willard's natural cautiousness inside the ropes. It was nearly three months after Young's death before Jess donned the gloves again. He then just managed to win over George Rodel. Later something of the old fighting spirit returned and he dropped Jack Reed in two rounds and One Round Davis in the same number, and polished off Boer Rodel in nine.

But interspersing these feats were a sloppy ten round burlesque with Carl Morris and the worst showing of Jess' ring career—his twelve round defeat by Middle weight Tom McMahon. Willard, however, restored himself to public favor by scoring knockouts over the giant Dan Daily and George Rodel. Daily who had but a few weeks previous put Al Palzer away in two rounds went out in 9 sessions. It took Jess but six to eliminate Boer Rodel

WHEN THE TITLE CAME BACK TO THE WHITE RACE

The public was now convinced that Willard was the logical opponent for Johnson. The latter, ostracized from his native country by reason of shameful Misconduct, and badly in need of cash received the suggestion of a battle with Willard with open arms. Jess by this time had acquired a real gladiators spirit. He felt confident he could beat the black were they to meet in the ring. That fight is history now and everyone is familiar with the details of the fray which marked the downfall of one of the greatest colored boxers the prize ring has ever produced.

Willard fought the champion pretty, much as he did his other opponents —Johnson couldn't rattle him, often couldn't hit him, and for the first time in his life was obliged to carry the fighting to his opponent. Jess attempted no rushes and smiled at Jack's cunning tricks to draw him out.

JOHNSON SEES HANDWRITING ON WALL

For the first time since he won the title Johnson fought with the desperation of a man who had met his match. Jack tried every conceivable method of beating down his giant white opponent. Out boxed At long range by Willard's long left he switched to in fighting. But Willard simply Leaned back rom jack's famous upper cut and when the champ resorted to roughing he gave him a plenty of the same.. Toward the end of the fight Johnson fagged out, gathering All his strength together and finally feinted into an excellent opening. Like a flash Johnson hooked a terrific left to the point of Jess's jaw and as the cowboy's head rolled to the left Jack threw all his power into a crashing right uppercut. Jess was doubled over like a Jack knife. The spectators arose as one with a chorus of "Ohs" expecting to see Willard stretched out on the canvas.

JESS ABSORBS JOHNSONS BEST

But instead he straightened up unloosened a fearful right just below Johnson's heart , almost sending the colored man to the floor. Jack realized he had shot his bolt after the failure of his terrific combination clout. Jess had taken his best and then delivered something just as good.. Discouraged and physically wearied Jack finally wore himself down to a point of exhaustion in the twenty-sixth when, Jess, comparatively fresh despite the scores of terrific blows he had taken, finished "Lil Artha" with his favorite right uppercut.

JESS A REAL CHAMPION THEN

Jess was the champion of the world and a genuine one. In the condition he was in that day it is doubtful if Dempsey at his best could have even disturbed Jess -with a punch. But can he attain that same wonderful form after a three years lay? That Is the question which makes the Dempsey battle interesting. Those who have seen him, say he has and perhaps it is so. But didn't they say the same of Jeffries when he prepared for the Reno disaster?

Willard's battle with Moran In New York is hardly worth mentioning Frank had no business in the same ring with Jess. But it can be said for Moran that he was a tough one Jess broke his right hand on Moran's jaw trying to put the blond Pittsburger out. Some Jaw! But think what a wallop it must have been.

RING CAREER OF JACK DEMPSEY

When Jack Dempsey walked to his corner at the end of the fourth round of that "go" with Carl Morris on the Pacific coast in 1917 the news was flashed countrywide that a new heavyweight phenom had appeared on the horizon of Fisticana. Any man, it was argued, who could belabor such a Goliath of the squared circle as rough and tough as Carl Morris must have at least the makings of a champion.

Jack Kearns, Jack's benefactor and mentor also was convinced that he had struck "gold" in the ex-miner from Colorado. Offers came from all parts of the country for Dempsey to fight The astute Kearns, however, reasoned that it would be well to take his protege along easy paths for a while, storing up confidence and experience en route to tougher game. So he accepted a match with Homer Smith at Racine, Wis. Homer was a big fellow with a local reputation. The scrap with Dempsey bore- out the latter's reputation admirably. Jack rocked Homer into the arms of Morpheus in less than a minute of mixing.

JACK GETS REVENGE ON JIM FLYNN.

"Get me Jim Flynn again" Dempsey begged of Kearns, "I want to even up that old score with him." So Kearns got in touch with the venerable fireman who asserted that he would be more than delighted to barter swats with the lad he had stowed away in one round some time before.

But the winds of circumstance had shifted now. Dempsey had been coming to the forefront with leaps and bounds. With the old war horse, Flynn, things were different. He had been on the decline for some time.

The two came together at, Fort Sheridan in 1918 and it was a sorry day for Flynn. The fireman was amazed at the transformation in former victim. Dempsey dashed out of his corner at the opening bell, catching the Pueblo thumper as he was rising from his chair. Jim barely had time to shoulder his way into a clinch, taking a ringing Jolt on the ear before affecting that happy stratagem, Jack's first blow evidently had scuttled Flynn's chances for he continued to hold on to Jack after the referee had ordered "break".

Dempsey disentangled himself from the veteran's clutch and shot a left to Jim's jaw. Flynn tottered back and Dempsey quickly hooked a crashing right to the same place. Flynn hit the mat and was not on his feet until bolstered up by his seconds. Jack's revenge for Flynn's victory when he was but a novice was now complete.

HOW THE SALT LAKE KO HAPPENED

Dempsey once explained to me about how Flynn happened to score that knockout over him in Salt Lake "I wasn't out at all, but Just merely taking the count from a blow I would never have received had I not been careless. I made the mistake of walking into Flynn with my guard down and he nailed me. I was only a beginner and didn't know any better.

At that I have always blamed my brother for losing that bout. Almost as soon as I went down he threw a towel in the ring. Whether he was just excited or thought that I was knocked stiff and reasoned it was best to avoid a K. O. on my record I don't know, At any rate it is the last time that any member of my family gets in my corner when I fight."

Carl Morris, after Dempsey had thrashed him, gave vent to loud yelps that he was In no condition to fight that exhibition on the coast and that he could knock Dempsey galley-west in a longer bout. Carl's reputation as a fighter was pretty good at the time despite the four round beating Jack had dealt him. Carl was more or less of an in and outer with a style of rough-house all his own and with a galvanized iron jaw and mid-section thrown in just to make him more formidable. Luther McCarty was the only man who had ever put the burly engineer down for the full count, and most people had forgotten about that with the unfortunate death of the cow-boy.

CARL MORRIS TAKES HIS SECOND THRA8H1NG.

Dempsey and Morris met for the second time in Buffalo. Carl figured that in a bout of longer duration than those coast soirees of four rounds he could wear Dempsey down. Morris in action is somewhat elephantine. He rushes, roughs, buts, unloads his two hundred and fifty pounds on his opponent's shoulders, and has been known to foul his antagonist.

Carl had just a conflict all mapped out for the unsuspecting Dempsey. His first bull-like advance however, was met with a surprising rebuff. Carl managed to propel himself into a clinch and was about to enact the aforementioned process of unloading avoirdupois on the Dempsey frame when Jack shot over a terrific left to the Oklahoman's eye, throwing Carl unceremoniously out of the clinch.

Then Jack took the aggressive, Carl was simply snowed under by the avalanche of wallops from Dempsey's fists. Morris scarcely landed a clean blow on the Colorado boy, his whole time being concentrated on vain efforts to g»t In close and wrestle his smaller opponent around.

Even when he was able to accomplish close fighting Jack demonstrated that he could out rough the big fellow. With no alternative but to fight blindly in the best fashion he could. Carl was merely a punching bag for the, whirlwind before him. The referee stopped the uneven bout in the fifth round. Morris in this battle took the worst beating since the celebrated slaughter by Jim Flynn when the engineer first hit New York and attempted to prove himself the genuine "White Hope."

BILL BRENNAN HEARS THE SANDMANS STORY

About this time Bill Brennan, a sensational heavyweight managed by the resourceful Leo Flynn, issued a defi to Dempsey. Brennan was a husky chap with a string of knockouts to his credit. Notwithstanding Dempsey's great showing with Morris in Buffalo, many people looked for Brennan to put the youngster away. Leo Flynn bet heavily that way himself So it can be understood that Brennan was anything but a "setup" for Dempsey. Brennan's real name was Brenner. He was a Dutchman but he needn't have swiped an Irish name to look the part of a scrapper. He had all the earmarks of a coming champion.

Dempsey's and Brennan's fighting styles were very similar. Neither believed in wasting time or blows. Jack floored Brennan four times in the second round after furious flurries of fighting in which Bill asked for quarter landed his best in stock with the new phenomenon. But Jack's clouts were a bit more effective .Brennan was a beaten man after The second round but he gamely battled along. Dempsey ended the fray in the sixth when Bill went down and out from a light hand clip on the chin.

HEAD PUNCHING THAT BROKE AN ANKLE

When they dragged Brennan to his corner it was discovered that one of the defeated boxer's ankles was broken. Leo Flynn had been greatly impressed by Dempsey's hitting power. Massaging the bad ankle with some ointment Brennan's chief second remarked "Bill must have turned it when he went down that last time, eh.Leo" Flynn examined a. large welt that, had arisen alongside his prostrate charge's chin and then and answered: "Turned it nothing. That last belt on the chin broke his ankle, that's what it did."

Out Joplin way there was a bruiser doing biffing business under the name of Tom Riley and he was considered a blue ribbon in that neck of the woods. In fact he was so well appraised that he had been matched to exchange knocks with Fred Fulton the giant plasterer who had set the sport world agog with a glittering array of quick knockouts. But big Fred dodged out of the match for something more appetizing and Dempsey volunteered to fill the plasterers' place. Dempsey cleaned up Riley in slightly more than a minute. This feat added to his growing fame which by this time had reached the ears and pocket books of theatrical magnates. For the first time in his life Dempsey was offered a job on the stage just to "show himself and say a few lines."

A TOUGH ENCOUNTER

One of the toughest encounters of his whole career occurred at this junction of his upward toiling. Dempsey was carded to appear in "glad rags" for the first part of his program which was with a burlesque show. "Gee! I had the time of my life getting that rig" explained Jack to a friend afterward. "I didn't know which end of the shirt went on first. At that it almost sent me down for the full count. Jack Kearns just managed to scoop me going out of the wings all dolled up in a pair of low tan shoes, too! I'd rather fight five Carl Morris than go through the grueling it takes to sneak into one of those boiled fronts."

MISKE A STUMBLE BLOCK FOR DEMPSEY.

After Dempsey had put in a few weeks forgetting lines but not punches on his sparring partner Jack relinquished the idea of elevating the drama. Instead he signed up for a bout with Billy Miske the St. Paul light heavyweight who is still thought by many to be a logical candidate for the highest honors of pugilism. Miske had proven his worth by taming such ring worthies as Jack Dillon, Charley Weinert and others. The bout was scheduled for ten rounds and it went the limit, with Dempsey receiving most of the newspaper verdicts. This to me is one of the things that I cannot understand in Dempsey's ring exploits. While I regard Miske as a great fighter in his class I think that he is far from being a world beater. To my mind if Jack Dempsey is the sterling performer that I am inclined to think he is, he should have scored a knock out over Miske. But he didn't nor did he when they met later in a six round bout.

Dempsey has explained that Miske would not fight and that he held on etc. Later he came out and admitted that Miske was a tough one."

MATCHED WITH BIG FRED FULTON

Now comes the bout which more than any one achievement stamped Dempsey as the next man to challenge Willard sovereignty over the knights of the knuckle. This is the match with Fred Fulton. Fulton, whose record was quite as brilliant as Jack's, met the Colorado sensation in the Federal League Ball Park in Harrison, New Jersey. Opinion was divided pretty evenly as to a probable winner. Fulton towered over Dempsey by several inches and was his physical superior

in everyway. He had demonstrated that he was possessed of the knockout knack and in a comparatively short time had picked up no little cleverness as a boxer. He had stopped such good performers as Andre Anderson, Al Reich, Charley Weinert, and Frank Moran. Fred had experienced the humiliation of but one knockout up to the time. Al Palzer had managed to bring down the lanky plasterer shortly after Fred had laid away the hod for the mitts. But there were just two things that the public had misgivings about in Fred.

One was his ability to take hard knocks. The other was his willingness to. Fred had been badly dazed more than once from heavy punches on the chin. Reich had him almost out, but his fear of Fulton's punch prevented him from following up his advantage. Then there were a number of people who thought that Fred didn't relish the furious fighting put out by Carl Morris when they met in New York. Fred won that scrap on a foul and there were those who thought that he was mighty glad to get away with it on that score. I saw that bout and personally I don't blame Fulton for objecting to Morris' foul tactics which have no business in the make-up of a fair fighting man.

DEMPSEY WON BOUT BEFORE IT STARTED.

Dempsey to my mind won the fight before it started. I had a seat very near to Fred's own corner. He was the first man to enter the ring. Shortly afterward Dempsey arrived on the scene. Jack had on a bath-robe and a cap pulled rakishly on one side of his head. Jack then peeled off the robe and with boyish enthusiasm began pounding his chest with his powerful fists. The resounding thuds of knuckles on solid muscle evidently attracted the attention of plasterer.

I remember that a second was obstructing Fred's view of the diagonal angle and Fulton craned his head considerably to one side in order to get a look at his man. If I am not mistaken the color in Fulton's face disappeared and took on a hue almost white, although he had been training in the open for several weeks.

"WE'LL COME OUT FIGHTING."

Then came the little stratagem, if it was meant for such, which, I think was as instrumental in winning the fight as the finishing blow itself. Dempsey strode nonchalantly over to Fulton, gave the tall plasterer a lot marked: "We'll shake now. Then we can come out fighting." That maneuver probably calculated to worry Fulton, gave the plasterer a lot to think about in the few minutes before the clang of the bell announcing hostilities.

THE QUICK KNOCKOUT OF FULTON.

Eighteen and three-fifths seconds after the brazen notes of the gong had died away Fulton was stretched senseless on the canvass. This would seem to bear out the argument that big Fred was licked before the gong rang although it is true that quick knockouts are often registered with both men enthusiastic for battle. Jack's first blow as he rushed in close was a pile-driving left to

Fulton's body. Fulton with an agonized expression doubled from the waist line and Dempsey, in the old, Jim Corbett fashion, whipped the same hand to Freds' long, lean angular jaw. Fulton swayed to the left from the deadly impact, fairly in the path of Dempsey's swishing right which also connected with precision. Fred collided with the canvas in a sort of sitting position his neck again against the rope. From this posture he gradually moved until almost flat on his back. It was also as clean a knockout as I've ever witnessed.

Fulton has since stated that the bout was a "frame-up," but to the best of my knowledge and belief it bore no evidence of a pre-arranged affair. Getting back to Dempsey's little trick before the gong sounded reminds me of Another battle which was won in almost the same manner.

ONE OF KID MCOYS TRICKS

I remember seeing Kid McCoy scare the wits out of Jim Stewart who later developed into one gamest men In the ring and was the only thing that enabled the crafty Kid to win the bout. He was long since through physically. The men were called to the center for instructions and while the referee laying down the law to bout the Kid stepped in front of the arbiter.

"Pardon me, just a minute" interrupted McCoy, "but I'd like to your attention to a few things also must be prohibited, Mr referee. With this McCoy wedged shoulder under Stewart's and up suddenly almost dislocating shoulder, at the same time pushing Stewart to the ropes. "And there is to be none of this," continued the Kid, as he back-laced Stewart with the lacing of his glove. The referee called a halt on McCoy's illustrated interpretation of the rules. He understood the trick. It worked to perfection too. Stewart was too scared to fight and wheezy old Kid McCoy got the decision at the end of the six rounds.

DEMPSEY REPEATS ON MORRIS AND SMITH.

Dempsey also has interspersed his record with additional knockouts over Carl Morris, whom he cleaned up in a half minute of fighting in the third encounter ,and the ancient Gunboat Smith. Smith of the famed "occipital" lasted but two rounds In their second meeting. Porky Flynn a tough one, succumbed in less than a round, as did bob Devere. One of the best "stunts" Jack has accomplished, equal to that I think, of the Fulton Victory, was his knockout of Battling Levinsky. Levinsky who had never been knocked senseless, was dropped for the full count in the third round of the scrap with Willard's challenger. Levinsky had been fighting for years and has mingled with the best at his weight having also fought oftener than any heavies.

But freely admitted afterward that Dempsey was the most dangerous man he had met Or hoped to meet. " I never before felt anything like his blows" he told me. I felt as if they were going all through me. I knew the minute I'd sampled his first clout that if I didn't get him he would get me, and he did.

THE WILLIE MEEHAN ENIGMA

Along with Miske comes Will Meehan—another enigma in Jack's record. Physically, Willie appears to be a joke as a fighter. They call him the "California Fat Boy" and he certainly is roly-poly enough. But looks as if he knew how to fight.

Dempsey has fought Meehan three times winning once, getting a draw and losing the third by a decision at the end of four rounds on the coast. In the bout with Meehan was awarded the verdict Dempsey maintains he twice floored the fat one, but the referee refused to count. Nevertheless It is a fact that Dempsey has been able to do little with this eccentric performer although he probably could put Meehan away in a longer bout than four rounds.

YOUTH AND PUNCH FAVOR MINER

Past Performances, Although Very Unreliable in Forming Opinion, Held

In my previous articles I have traced the ring careers of champion Jess Willard and the challenger, Jack Dempsey, up to the present day. That was an interesting as well as a comparatively easy task. I have known both fighters for some time and have witnessed several of their most important ring encounters. From the data gleaned from personal acquaintance and spectator at their ring performances I have been able to sum up their dominating traits and criticize strong and weak points which have developed in the course of action within the ropes.

As I stated before this is a comparatively easy thing to do when confronted with the Herculean problem of picking a winner between these two boxers. Past performances sometimes, go badly askew when used as a medium for picking prize ring winners.

CAPRICES OF PAST PERFORMANCE "DOPE"

For instance, on past performances, Terry McGovern ought surely to have vanquished Young Corbett even up to the night of their second meeting in San Francisco. Both before and after their battle at Hartford, where Terry went down to defeat, for the first time in his career, the Brooklyn Terror had decisively whipped men who had either thrashed the Denverite or had given him tough arguments. Yet Corbett could always master Terry. Willie Lewis, the great New York welter and middleweight back in my time, could topple over heavyweights with his great one, two, punch. But he was an easy victim for a man of his own weight, Honey Mellody, until the latter began to decline and Willie secured revenge in Paris for two knockouts he had suffered at the hands of the Boston Boy.

PICKS DEMPSEY TO BEAT WILLARD

Nevertheless, untrustworthy as are the reasoning's of "past performances," they are really the only thing we have to rely on in doping out the respective merits of ring combatants. We note

favorite blows, methods & peculiar characteristics of boxers and when pitted against each other try to form a mental picture of how each will operate when matched with some force calculated to minimize its effectiveness.

Of some bouts we are as certain how Things will work out as we are of the sun's setting. But in a match between men of marked ability "picking a winner" is a proceeding which is little or nothing short of a hazard, *be* the selection made by the shrewdest judge of fighting qualities. However, even with this warning knowledge, combined with the vagaries of "past performance" indications, we all like to air our opinion one way or the other, supplementing it with the prayer that it will result in an "I told you so." I'll pronounce my opinion although I'm not particular about having that little remark.

I have nothing personal against either Willard or Dempsey. Frankly it doesn't matter even a little bit to me which wins. They are both remarkable fighters and whoever is the winner the championship laurels still will be guarded by a most formidable gladiator. I'll hazard a prediction, since unlike golfers we critics must play the "hazards," that Dempsey will defeat Willard. In my boldness I'll go further and try to present a few reasons which account for the "hunch." To me the three prime factors which augur victory for the Colorado boy are-

WHY DEMPSEY SHOULD WIN

- 1 - Dempsey is faster than Willard and is, a better puncher.
2. Dempsey is in better physical condition than the champion and has the advantage of being about a dozen years younger than Jess.
3. Dempsey has been fighting steady for the past four years Willard has been almost entirely inactive and therefore has lost that indispensable quality of fighting form.

Those are my three reasons for stringing along in the Dempsey bandwagon. I have placed them in their relative order of importance as they seem to bear on the outcome of the impending struggle. Now let us take up these points in detail so that I may better impress upon the reader the conclusions I have reached on the result of the conflict.

DEMPSEY'S SPEED WILL OFFSET PHYSICAL HANDICAP

Few will attempt to dispute the matter of speed between the rival boxers. Jess never has been a fast boxer, never will be or wants to be, from all appearance. For all that he is a great defensive boxer. He wages war flat-footed. Jess doesn't even shuttle after his man in the manner of a Fitzsimmons or a Gans. He props himself on his broad-beamed feet and lynx-like awaits the coming of the foe. Then he shoots his stinging left jab and bungs up a right counter if the proper opening presents itself. But Jess is wholly devoid of speed as we associate that element with the roped arena. Jim Corbett had it with his cleverness, Kid McCoy exhibited a consummate though

less showy skill. Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons and Maher were men of unceasing activity along purely fighting lines. Tommy Burns was a great little heavyweight and always kept moving after his adversary until he connected with a crushing punch. Speed, in a large measure is action reinforced with cleverness in avoiding punishment while "carrying on." or with the alertness for taking advantage of openings for a swift attack. Some fighters create openings by the fury of their advance and then smashing blows.

Jack relies on his speed to effect openings which the gifted boxer obtains by means of feints and all round fancy work. It is getting the desired result in a different manner, that is all. Indeed mere speed if not thwarted by a knockout or a damaging blow, can achieve openings which could not be accomplished by the most dazzling ring craft.

It was speed that enabled Jim Corbett to stick twenty three fast rounds. With the giant Jeffries when the former champion came the nearest to "Coming back". Curiously enough too it was speed which proved "Gentleman Jim's" undoing in that famous bout back in the summer of 1900. Corbett was always on top hooking and jabbing the burly Californian pretty much as he pleased.

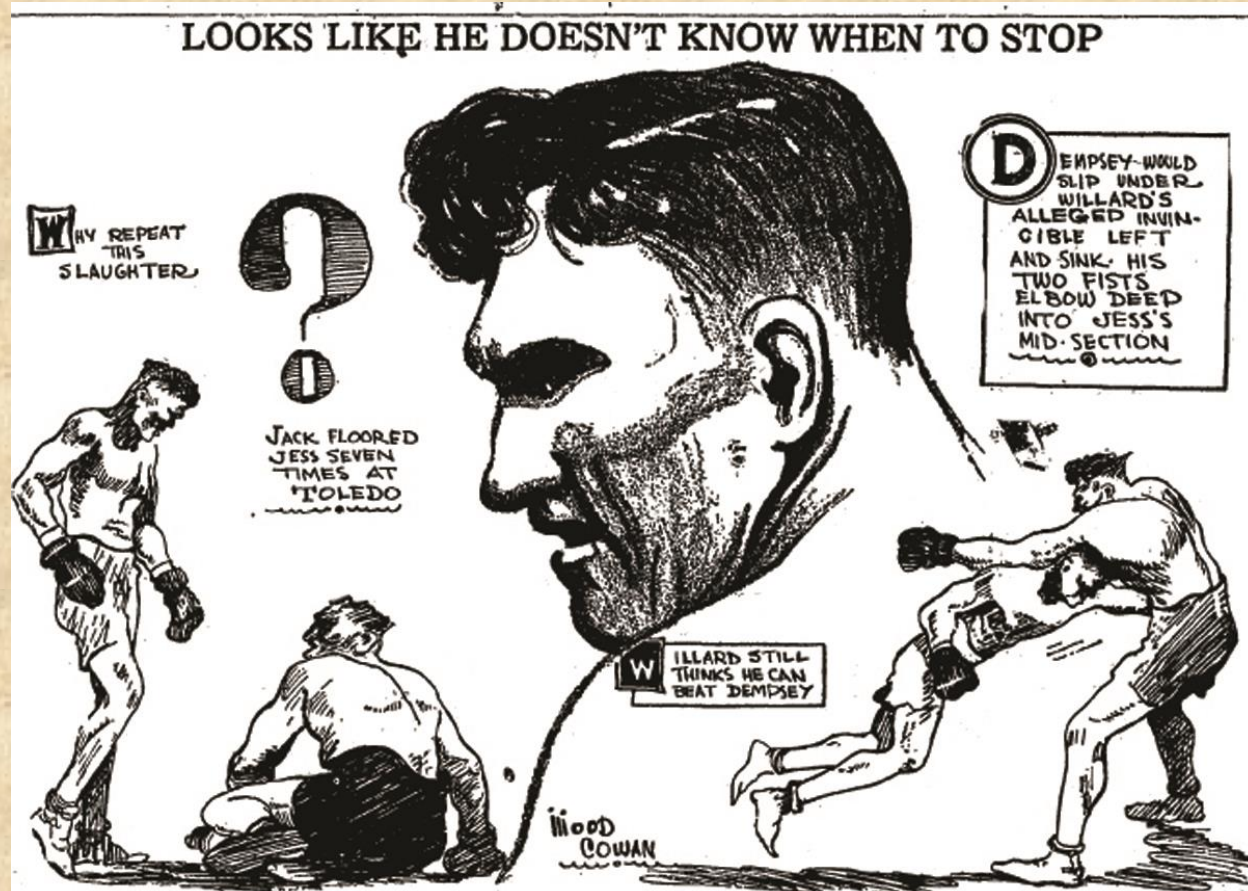
With such regularity did Corbett maintain his blows on the Jeffries anatomy that he had a clear lead up to the knockout, despite the fact that he had been felled to the canvas in the nineteenth by a vicious right hander. It was only when Corbett discarded speed, the decision in reach, that he foundered on the black rocks of misfortune. He attempted to mix things and the essay proved a disaster.

Brady his manager, and the pugilistically astute Tommy Ryan read big Jim a solemn ultimatum just before the bell sent the men out for the twentieth. "You'll have to speed up Jeff if you're going to get him before time" admonished Syracuse Tommy. He's got the decision on points now put all you've got into it and get over a finisher. It's your only chance."

When the bell clanged Jeffries threw open the throttle of his energies and chased Corbett so industrially that he finally nailed the slippery Californian with a sweeping left on the jaw as he was rebounding from on the ropes where Jeff had pressed him. Jeff had placed faith in a combination of such boxing skill as he had possessed and aggressiveness but it had proved fruitless for twenty three long rounds. When he abandoned the boxing tactics entirely and concentrated his power in speed alone he attained the coveted prize.

The Register, Sandusky 30 Jan 1923

By WOOD COWAN



In recent ring history no champion ever lost his crown by being slugged into such a state of helplessness, in so short a battle, or by being so far outclassed as Jess Willard was when he was knocked from the heavyweight throne by Jack Dempsey at Toledo almost four years ago. It was absolutely pathetic.

Yet now comes this same "Jest" Willard—for he is none other — squawking for another chance in the ring with Mannassa Mauler! We wonder if "Jest" knows any other funny Jokes? Outwardly Willard looks about as he did at Toledo. But four years of inactivity added to advancing years, is a handicap too big for Willard or any other man to overcome. "Jest" could never regain even his Toledo form, while Dempsey is infinitely a better man today than ever before.

How old is "Jest"?

This moot question must be answered before he will be allowed to box, in New York at least. Records show that at the time of his first appearance as a white hope, back in 1912, he was 24 years old. When Willard fought Arthur Pelky that year he was a gangling youngster who had not obtained his full growth.

He was all legs and arms, his body not having kept pace with his limbs. Willard did not reach his full development until he won from Jack Johnson in 1915. When he returned from Havana it was astonishing the way his body had filled out. It was after he had won the title that someone found out that Willard was four years older than he said he was. At the time

Jest " made no strenuous effort to deny the new age that was wished upon him. Perhaps it made good advertising , for no man had ever won a title who had started so late in life — and the fact that he had brought the title back to the white race made Willard a champion among champions .

But record books of recent years gave Willard's present age as 40, based upon the following facts : That when a guardianship petition was filed in Pattawatawatomie - c o , Kansas , in 1901, the age of Jess Willard was specified as 19, according to probate court records . And when he was married at Leavenworth, Kansas, March 13, 1903, the former champion gave his age to the license clerk as 26.

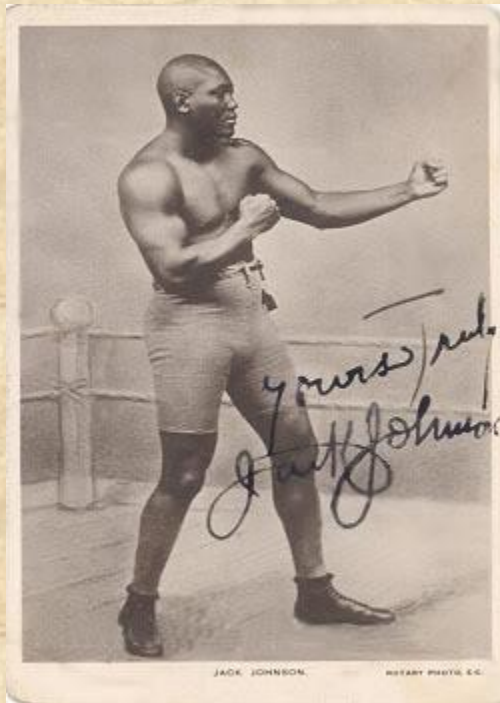
Now " Jest " comes forward with the claim that his birth certificate , along with other vital papers , will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is still a dashing youth of **36** summers.

Jeffries tried to do a comeback when he was 35 and he was an infinitely better thumper than Jess ever was, and it is doubtful whether Johnson was capable of hitting as hard in his fight with Johnson as Jack Dempsey is today. Then again "Ol" Fitzsimmons was still champion at 37. He won the title from Corbett in 14 rounds at Carson City when he was 35 years old, but Corbett never was the hitter that Dempsey is at present . John L. Sullivan was almost 35 years old before he met defeat at the hands of Corbett in New Orleans . Jess Willard might look t he part of a physical phenom but he wouldn't stay conscious as long in his second meeting with Jack as he did at Toledo — and Jess admits that he didn't know anything from the time Dempsey landed his first blow, thirty seconds after the opening round started and he was groveling on the canvas until the referee proclaimed Dempsey the new champion.

5th April 1915

Willard Batters Johnson Down in 26th Round of Heavyweight Title Clash

Giant Kansas Cowboy Restores Championship to the White Race in Great Struggle At Havana – Negro Sets Pace for 22 Rounds But Strength Fails Him



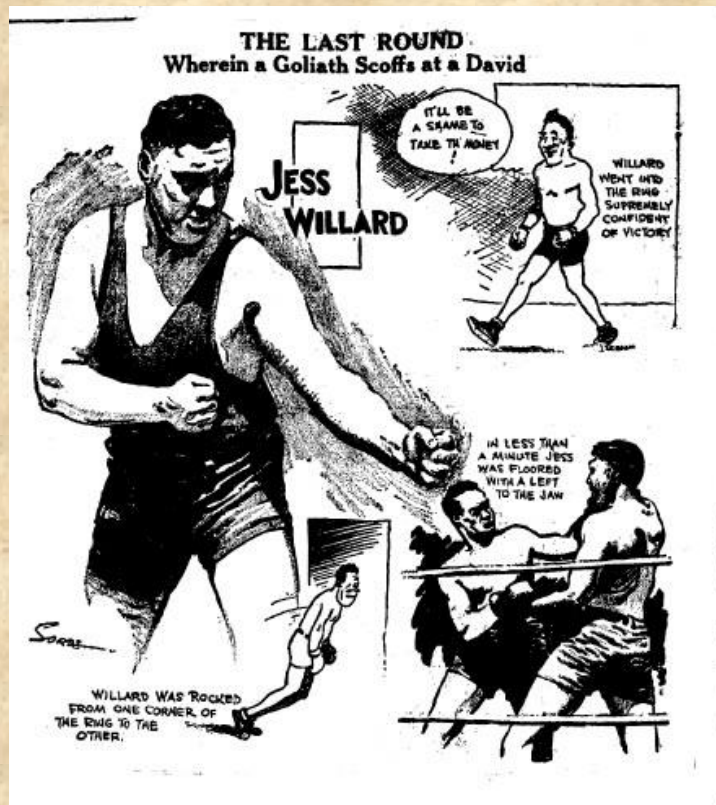
Jack Johnson, exile from his own country, today lost the heavyweight boxing championship Of the world , the title being wrested from him by Jess Willard, the Kansas cowboy, the biggest man who ever entered the prize ring and a "white hope" who at last has made good. The end came in the twenty-sixth round. The fight probably has no parallel In the history of ring battles, For twenty rounds Johnson punched and pounded Willard at will, but his blows grew, less powerful as the light progressed, until at last he seemed unable or unwilling to go on.

Johnson stopped leading and for three or four rounds the battle between the two huge men was little more than a series of plastic poses of white and black gladiators. So it was until the twenty-fifth round, when Willard got one of his widely swinging, windmill, right-hand smashes to Johnson's heart. This was the beginning of the end.

Asks Wife to Leave.

When the round closed Johnson sent word to his wife that he was "all in" and told her to start for home She was on the way out and was passing the ring in the twenty-sixth round when a stinging left to the body and a cyclonic right to the jaw caused Johnson to crumple on the floor of the ring, where he lay partly outside the ropes until the referee counted ten and held up Willard s hand In token of his newly won laurels.

There is much discussion tonight and probably will be for a long time among the followers of the fighting game as to whether Johnson was really knocked out. In the sense of being smashed into



un-consciousness – he was certainly not put out.

Believe Negro Quit.

The consensus of opinion is that Johnson expected and knew that there was no possibility of his winning, so when knocked down he chose to take the count rather than rise and stand further punishment. Johnson has often stated that fighting is a business and he would not foolishly submit to repeated knockdowns when he found he had met his master. A second or two after Jack Welsh the referee. Had counted ten Johnson quickly got up. It was well that he did so, for a moment later a rush of spectators to the fighting platform all but smothered the pugilists.

For an instant It seemed as if trouble was threatened, but about fifty Or more of the several hundred soldiers stationed about the fight arena jumped into the ring and formed circles around the vanquished and the victor. under the escort of the soldiers Willard and Johnson left the ring and went to their dressing rooms, while the crowd cheered and broke into wild discussion, Willard was out of his dressing room in a few minutes and In an automobile on his way back to Havana, He was escorted half way to the city from the race track, where the fight was held, by a troop of Cuban cavalry.

Cowboy Is Hero.

Crowds lined the streets and narrow roadways, and the new White champion was loudly cheered He was decidedly - the favorite of the crowd all through the fight, and tonight is the hero of the island. Automobiles returning to the city from the fight flew white flags and the news spread far and wide that the white challenger had beaten the negro champion.

As Willard came along, the crowds in the streets waved flags and linen handkerchiefs tied to sticks, At one point a group of negro children who had evidently heard that Johnson was the victor, waved black flags at the white champion, -who was much amused.

Willard is probably is the moat modest champion who ever stepped out of a prize ring, taking his victory as philosophically as he had looked forward to the fight. Neither he nor Johnson showed much evidence of having been engaged in a heavyweight championship battle. The new champion's lip, right ear and left cheek showed slight cuts. but at no time was there more than a

drop or two of blood in evidence.

Feared Bloody Battle.

In this respect the fight was a great contrast to the Johnson-Jeffries fight at Reno five years ago, when Jeffries was cut to pieces and blood splashed over the spectators at the ringside. Evidently thinking that this condition might prevail today, Johnson objected to the presence of a white woman in the newspaper seats just outside the ropes, and she was relegated to a place out of possible range .

No fight between heavyweights that has gone to a finish was cleaner or less brutal Johnson's left eye was partly closed in the early rounds, but not sufficiently to interfere with his fighting his lip also was cut inside and his famous golden smile flashed from a very red setting.

End Comes Suddenly.

The end of the fight came with a suddenness that dazed the spectators It followed two o three rounds of almost complete idleness on the part of the contestants and the crowd settled down to a long drawn-out struggle, believing that it would go the full limit of the forty-five rounds Without either being: able to register a Knockout.

The early rounds were filled with flashes of Johnson's former wonderful speed when he would rain rights and lefts to Willard's body and face, delivering ten blows to one from the big white challenger, Through All this time Willard was strictly on the defensive and on one occasion Johnson played with him, once standing with guard .down and letting Willard swing at him, only to dodge and laugh at the awkwardness of his opponent.

In many inspects the fight resulted just as many predicted, Willard and his friends particularly prophesying that if the battle lasted twenty rounds Johnson could not Win. This was based partly on the belief That Willard could stand all the punishment Johnson could inflict, and partly on doubt as to Johnson's condition and his ability at his age to fight a long battle.

The Fight By Rounds

BOTH IN THE RING.



1:15 pm Johnson entered the ring. 1:20 pm Johnson was applauded by the enthusiastic Cubans. One minute later he took his corner. His first movement was to ascertain where his wife was located. Willard entered the ring. Prolonged yelling and cheering Erected the appearance of Willard. The crowd went wild over the young giant, screaming and hand clapping as he Crawled through the ropes. Willard wore a heavy red sweater, blue trousers and black sombrero.

ROUND ONE.

Johnson feinted and landed his left ton Willard's jaw. Repeated uppercuts with right to Willard's jaw. The latter was very nervous. Johnson was laughing. Willard drove two lefts to the negro's body. Johnson drove right to Willard's body.

ROUND TWO

Johnson easily blocked Willard's leads, feinting him out of position and scoring right and left to jaw. Willard replied with a thrashing right to the negro's body. Johnson then hooked a left to the stomach. Johnson then landed three lefts to the body. Willard laughed. Johnson drove Willard to the ropes with a tattoo of lefts to the face.

ROUND THREE.

After much feinting Willard missed at right swing and both laughed. Johnson rushed and scored a left to the body and a right to the jaw. Johnson landed a left on the body. Willard asked "Is that the way you do It"

ROUND FOUR.

Willard laughed ineffectively. Johnson laughed at his clumsy efforts Johnson landed a left to the ribs and swung his right and left to the body and his left to Willard's face. Willard's lip was bleeding. Willard scored a left to Johnson's nose.

ROUND FIVE.

Johnson poked a light left to Willard's face. The referee ordered the fighters to break from a clinch. The negro smashed hard to Willard's ribs and drove three blows to the cowboy's stomach. The champion rushed Willard to the ropes, scoring punches to the head and to the body. Willard was badly distressed. The challenger was rattled and boxed like an amateur.

ROUND SIX.

The negro was calm at the opening of the sixth. He beat Willard to the ropes with a fusillade of lefts. On the break Johnson landed a smash to the jaw. The negro rubbed Willard's cut lip at every opportunity. On the break the negro landed three crashing blows to Willard's body. At the

bell Johnson was hammering hard at Willard's body. The cowboy's left cheek was cut.

ROUND SEVEN.

Johnson was using every artifice to force the fighting. He rushed Willard to the ropes, slugging with both hands. Willard's long: left temporarily blinded the negro's left eye. Johnson came back -with a series of swings to Willard's body. It was a very clean fight so far.

ROUND EIGHT.

Willard was gaining confidence and tried his hand at forcing the pace. Johnson accepted the challenge. The pugilists battered each other across the ring, the negro having the better of it. Willard landed on Johnson's mouth. Johnson uppercut Willard over the heart. Willard bounded off the ropes and landed a left to the Jaw. The round ended with the negro swinging blows to Willard's head.

ROUND NINE.

Willard assumed the aggressive. Johnson started one of the cowboy's ears bleeding. The champion landed frequently, but his blows appeared to lack their old time power. Amidst feinting the crowd shouted: "Kill the black bear." Johnson Immediately started a rally by driving three hard hooks to Willard's stomach. A left by Willard started the negro's mouth beeding. The latter slugged Willard to the ropes.

ROUND TEN.

Johnson was slow in coming from his corner. Willard scored two lefts to the face. Jess was blocking better as his nervousness wore off. Johnson swung a left to Willard's ribs and sent half a dozen blows to Willard's body and jaw. The negro knocked Willard to the ropes with right and left swings to the stomach. A hard right chop staggered Willard

ELEVENTH ROUND.

The crowd derided Johnson, who was fighting and answering their sallies at the same time. Willard drove a left to the negro's mouth and took a right hook to the body in return. Johnson smashed the cowboy with a left to the jaw. Jess blocked several swings. Johnson tried to rattle Willard by talking. The latter angrily replied in kind. Johnson tapped the giant's shoulder at the end of the round. It was a slow round.

TWELFTH ROUND.

Johnson opened with a left to the body and a right to the jaw. In a clinch he smashed Willard three times with his left. Johnson drove a right to the body and a. left to the head. His blows apparently had no effect on Willard. Johnson drove Willard' to his corner with swings to the head. Willard's cheek and ear were bleeding. He walked groggy to his corner at the bell.

THIRTEENTH ROUND.

Willard's body was now red from the Effects of the punishment of the negro The Negro , ducking under his opponent's leads continued to play for the stomach. Willard drove Johnson into a corner and landed straight left to Johnson's face. The negro jarred Willard with a left hook

to the jaw in return. he next hooked his left to Willard's body, repeating this blow a minute later. The champion landed right and left to the head as the bell rang.

FOURTEENTH ROUND.

The round opened with Willard rushing and missing a right uppercut. The challenger was the aggressor and tried to force the fighting. Johnson dammed Willard on the mouth with a left. Jess only laughed. The negro was beginning to miss his leads. Willard drove a hard right to Johnson's ear. The negro smashed hard left to the Body at the bell.

FIFTEENTH ROUND.

The crowd kidded Johnson, who rushed Willard to the ropes and scored five hard swings, remarking: "What a grand old man." Willard grinned at the remark and also at the blows accompanying it. The bell found the pugilists fighting In the center of the ring.

SIXTEENTH ROUND.

Johnson missed a left to the head and they clinched. The challenger blocked the negro's rush. Amid much fighting the blackman said: "Willard Is a good kid," and then rushed Jess to the ropes, scoring two hard punches to the body. The negro drove a terrific swing to Willard's side. The challenger was a trifle unsteady In going to his corner at the end of the round.

SEVENTEENTH ROUND.

Willard landed a right to Johnson's body and a left to the head. Willard again scored a right to the body and blocked the negro's return. Jack drove Willard to a corner and landed two swings to the head. Johnson hooked a left to his opponent and a right uppercut to the same place, a right to the body followed it up with two punches.

EIGHTEENTH ROUND.

After playing a tattoo on Willard's chest and stomach, the negro drove Willard to a corner where the negro smashed him twice on the Jaw. Willard's leads were easily picked off by the champion. Jess landed a straight left to Johnson's face and a right swing to the jaw. At the bell Johnson landed a punch to the body and another to the jaw.

NINETEENTH ROUND.

Both pugilists slowed up a bit. Willard now took the aggressive. Johnson stood in the middle of the ring and blocked Willard's blows. During the first minute not a single hard punch landed and Johnson seemed able to divine Willard's every lead. The negro than started a rally, landing two lefts to the body and a right to the jaw.

TWENTIETH ROUND.

Willard opened the round with two light blows to the negro's face. The latter laughed and said: "Lead again, kid." Willard did and smiled also. The crowd around the ring yelled "Hurry up, we want to see the races." Willard stabbed and pawed the air until he finally landed a swing on the negro's Jaw. The negro immediately -cut loose and they battled across the ring, The crowd went frantic when Willard drove a hard right and left to Johnson's body at the bell.

TWENTY-FIRST ROUND.

After a minute of posing, Johnson hooked his left to Willard's body and sent a right swing to the head. Willard replied with a straight left to the negro's face. Jack rushed, but Willard protected himself well and they fell into 'a clinch. Johnson walked around the ring. Willard missed right swing and they both laughed. -Both were fighting for an opening at the bell.

TWENTY SECOND ROUND.

The fight at this point had degenerated into a slow sparring and clinching battle. Neither pugilist appeared particularly tired or injured by the blows of his opponent, Willard tried setting the pace. In a clinch he battered the negro's body with rights and lefts. Johnson only grinned. Willard continued working for the negro's stomach. Jack grinned at the shrieking crowd. Nevertheless, Johnson was showing the effect of the pace.

TWENTY -THIRD ROUND.

Willard rushed into a clinch. Johnson held on until ordered to break by the referee. The challenger shot two lefts to the negro's and they clinched. They wrestled about the ring. Jess sent two more lefts to Jack's face and again clinched. Up to this point Johnson had not struck a blow in the round.

TWENTY-FOURTH ROUND.

The crowd yelled to the men in the ring to fight, but instead they clinched. Willard laid his weight on Johnson at every opportunity in the clinches. Johnson pushed Willard backward in the same manner as he did Jeffries at Reno. Johnson missed two weak swings. The crowd howled with disapproval. Willard then smashed the negro with a left to the face at the bell. For a time in the earlier rounds it was thought that Willard had an excellent chance, but Johnson's hard jabs and blows to the body weakened him.

ROUND TWENTY-FIVE.

Johnson's actions might have indicated that he thought he could not knock Willard out and he was trying to get the decision on points at the end of the 45 rounds. Willard shook the negro with a right to the heart. He then clipped Johnson on the jaw with a fast left and started forcing the pace. Johnson was conserving every bit of his energy. Willard again landed a left to the mouth and then repeated it. Johnson stepped around backwards at the bell and dropped heavily in his seat.

TWENTY -SIXTH ROUND.

Willard opened with a smash to Johnson's body. The referee forced them to break from a clinch. Willard rushed and slammed right and left to Johnson's body. In a clinch the latter talked over his shoulder to his wife. Willard smashed Johnson a clean right to the jaw, for a clean knockout. The crowd rushed into the ring and menaced Johnson. Several squads of soldiers hurried on the platform and cleared the crowd away to protect the fighters.

THE WINNER AND THE LOSER